PLAYBOY

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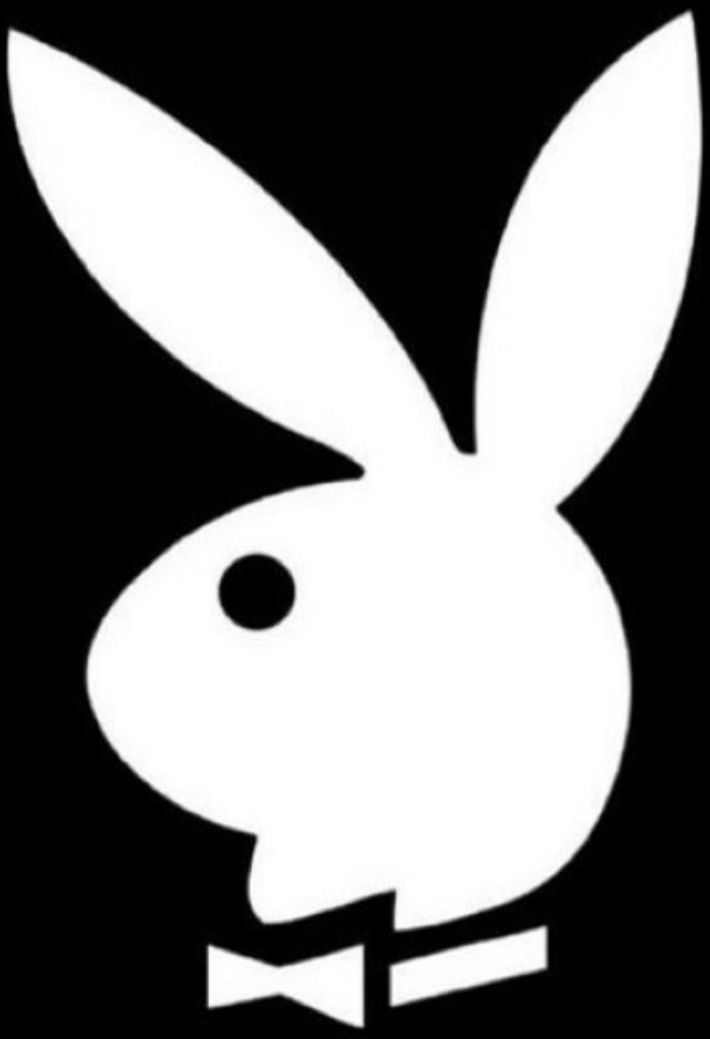

PLAYBOY

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PLAYBILL We've introduced a number of our staff members on this page in issues past. This month we'd like you to meet Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner, the man responsible for the pulse, the personality and the very existence of this magazine. The lean, restless young fellow who presides over PLAYBOY is something of a phenomenon in the publishing world. A little more than three years ago, Hefner talked of creating a special kind of magazine — a handsome monthly package of fiction, humor, articles and pictorial features aimed not at a "general" audience of men, women and children, nor at that segment of the male citizenry primarily interested in the great out-of-doors, but, rather, at the young urban man who appreciates the pleasures of an apartment, the sounds of hi-fi, the taste of a dry Martini. Big talk for a 27-year-old, with less than three years' experience in the magazine business and no capital, but in the fall of 1953, in the midst of a publishing slump, against the advice of almost everyone, Hefner managed to weave a rather thin, short shoestring out of a few borrowed dollars and the first issue of PLAYBOY went to press. It was edited out of Hefner's apartment and it carried no date on its cover or subscription message inside, because no one was sure if or when the second issue would appear.

But a great many young city-bred fellows had apparently been waiting for a magazine with which they could personally identify. They adopted PLAYBOY as their own and talked it up — as young men will when they find something they really like.

It was natural that PLAYBOY be compared with *Esquire*, for which Hefner had worked, and at that time the only other urban men's magazine in the U.S. *Newsweek* observed: "For twenty years, the late David A. Smart's *Esquire* has dominated the men's indoor field. Last week, Smart men probably were peering uneasily over their shoulders. A rival, younger by a generation, bolder by several shocking inches of neckline, was fighting its way into the old gentleman's hunting grounds."

Time called PLAYBOY "slick and sassy . . . the latest phenomenon in U.S. magazine publishing" and reported: "Not yet three years old, but selling 688,000 copies, PLAYBOY threatens to outstrip *Esquire* (circ. 778,000) in a circulation fight. *Esquire* has paid the ultimate compliment by shedding some of its latter-day respectability. But *Esquire* still cannot keep abreast. In its August number PLAYBOY printed pictures of Cinebabe Anita Ekberg in the nude, taking the edge off *Esquire*'s September portfolio of Ekberg with few clothes on.

"*Esquire* could have spared itself its new competition for only $5," reported *Time*. "From the age of 15, Chicagoan Hefner longed to work for the men's magazine, made the grade in its promotion department after he got out of the University of Illinois. But he quit when *Esquire* would not lift its $80-a-week offer for a Manhattan assignment to $85."

By its Third Anniversary Issue, PLAYBOY had become the largest selling urban men's magazine in America, its print-run had grown from an initial 70,000 to over 1,100,000 copies a month. Writers like Budd Schulberg, Nelson Algren, Philip Wylie and James Jones welcomed the opportunity of appearing in a magazine that would publish their most outspoken, masculine articles and fiction. PLAYBOY's pretty Playmates were the most popular pin-up in the country and in a piece on *Sophistication in America* David Cort wrote in *The Nation:* "Instead of being an unattainable and in that sense undesirable mannequin, as in *Esquire*, she is the girl next door or at the next desk with her clothes off and looking very well, thank you. One month PLAYBOY's Playmate was the lady author of a story in the magazine. As a male writer, I must protest unfair competition, but as an editor I must applaud a brand-new invention in eroticism which grew out of the free-wheeling, ebullient attitude of its editors."

Editor Hefner is a bona fide "Night Person" — his day begins around 11:00 A.M. and ends in the early hours of the following dawn. In his vigorously masculine office on the top floor of the new PLAYBOY BUILDING, he edits copy, approves layouts, holds meetings with his editorial, art, production, advertising, promotion, circulation and business staffs. He has an enthusiasm for the magazine that communicates itself to his associates like sparks to tinder. His dress is conservative and casual, he always wears loafers, and a bottle of Pepsi-Cola (which he consumes at the rate of two dozen a day) is never very far away. There is an electronic entertainment wall in his office, very much like the one featured in *Playboy's Penthouse Apartment* (September 1956), that includes hi-fi, AM-FM radio, tape and television, and will store up to 2000 LPs. Brubeck, Kenton or Sinatra is usually on the turntable when Hefner is working.

He is essentially an indoor man, though he discovered the pleasures of the ski slope last winter. He likes jazz, foreign films, Ivy League clothes, gin and tonic and pretty girls — the same sort of things that PLAYBOY readers like — and his approach to life is as fresh, sophisticated and yet admittedly sentimental as is the magazine's. None of this is too surprising, of course, for PLAYBOY's unprecedented popularity with the young urban male is a direct result of the fact that the editor-publisher and his audience see eye-to-eye.

In a recent article on the demise of *Collier's* and the reasons for it, *Writer's Digest* analyzed the three kinds of editors: the guessers, who "try to guess what the public likes . . . their ears are forever to the ground, but only intermittently to their own hearts;" the manufacturers, who "might have been in office supply furniture but circumstances brought them to publishing as a means of making a profit;" and, finally, the personal editors: "They print what they like. By that token, they please themselves. When the vision of what they see is fresh and their reactions are not dated, they are usually successful. Such people are in the publishing business because they love it and because, above anything else in the world, they want to communicate." Among the half-dozen "leaders among these personal editors," *Writer's Digest* listed DeWitt Wallace of *Reader's Digest*, Henry Luce of Time, Inc. and Hugh M. Hefner of PLAYBOY.

It's the truth: Hefner is neither guesser nor manufacturer — he is a man thoroughly dedicated to making PLAYBOY, in his own words, "the best men's magazine in America."

For proof of his progress, we direct your attention to this June issue. Leading it off is George Langelaan's *The Fly*, one of the most throat-drying, palm-moistening, spine-icing horror stories we've read in many a moon, which we trust will transfix you from first sentence to last.

Ray Russell, who has hitherto been content to caricature one thing at a time, has loaded the pea-shooter of parody with four pellets, the which to ping playwrights Tennessee Williams, William Inge, N. Richard Nash and W. Shakespeare, all in one swell foop. The foop is titled *Enter the Handsome Stranger*, and it will evoke chortles, chuckles and even, we trow, an occasional guffaw.

Lovely ladies are here in abundance: Miami's Lisa Winters, most popular Playmate of the previous annum, puts in a Bikinied appearance; New York's Carrie Radison, a Broadway hopeful, charms the eye as Miss June; and Hollywood's Vikki Dougan — she of the lyrical back — is much in evidence.

PLAYBOY Jazz Editor Leonard Feather cocks a cool ear in the direction of rock 'n' roll and comes up with some provocative comment. Rolf Malcolm clues us in on the new look in funnymen with his takeout on Mort Sahl, *A Real Free-Form Guy*, while the old look in funnymen is treated fictionally in *One for the Book* by Arthur Kober, the delightful dialectician of *My Dear Bella, Thunder over the Bronx* and *Having Wonderful Time*.

Spouse-swapping is the subject of *The Double Cross-up*, by T. K. Brown III; Harrison Case contributes a knowing piece on the subtle art of *Contour Contact; tête-à-tête* breakfasts occupy Thomas Mario; a summer of sartorial splendor is the goal of Blake Rutherford; and, of course, there is an assortment of puzzles, Party Jokes, cartoons and suchlike goodies, all designed to make that what-is-so-rare-as-a-day-in-June jazz ring truer than ever before.

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HEFNER

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DEAR PLAYBOY

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PRUDENT PLAYBOY

At long last, PLAYBOY has succeeded in shocking me! I refer to the classic two-Lord-Nelsons Party Joke in March, with the tag line, "'I'm Lady Nelson.'" The traditional tag is, of course, "'I'm Lady Hamilton.'" The Lady Nelson version makes the story sexless and pointless. Nelson's 12-year passion for Emma Lady Hamilton is one of the vivid and enviable love affairs of history, while his marriage to Lady Nelson—in the tactful words of the *Britannica*—"was one of affection and prudence, rather than of love." I devoutly hope PLAYBOY will pay no further tributes to prudence!

Anthony Boucher
Berkeley, Calif.

PADDY

More *Paddy*, Daddy.

Chuck Clark
Austin, Texas

I read Mr. Russell's satire, *Paddy*, and I enjoyed it very much. He is a talented writer.

Paddy Chayefsky
New York, N. Y.

Satires are our favorites; and the one entitled *Paddy* took the cake so far as we're concerned. Ray Russell sounds like a *very* interesting character from his stories. Has he had any books published as yet? If so, please let us know where we might purchase same.

Charlotte and Ivan Wilenhen
Burbank, Calif.

Russell claims he's writing The Great American Seed Catalog, but since this isn't finished yet, we refer you to page 57 of this issue for his latest satire and to the Books section of "After Hours" for news of a recent Russell anthologization.

THE VARGAS GIRL

I hope that isn't all we're going to see of the Vargas Girl! Now that PLAYBOY has declared an open season on that much maligned subject, nudity, I should think that the perfect place for such a phenomenal creature would be within your pages. Don't dislodge our Playmate but at least put the Vargas Girl on the back of your gatefold. She is absolutely the most astounding goddess I've seen—an amazing mixture of flesh, blood and black magic.

Michael Stewart
New York, N. Y.

OF WORMS AND MEN

Your conception of this idea of a Playmate reduces the position of women from that of dignity to a mere toy to be handy just when the male appetite needs affection and satisfaction. God makes women objects of affection and you bunch of parasites prey on this innate characteristic to build up your own egos. It used to be that when a man wanted to feed his ego he would engage another man in battle but you bunch of lily-livered individuals try to conquer an inferior, Woman, in bed. It makes me sick to think that you characters belong to the same sex as I do. Someone ought to classify you in a sex by yourselves. Maybe it should be called the Worm Sex.

T. J. Sage
New York, N. Y.

We of the Waikiki Unmarried Bachelors' Association, Unlimited, would like to take this opportunity to extend our profuse thanks to the editors of PLAYBOY. Your diligent and prolific coverage in the field of pre-marital high jinks is the tantamount premise, foundation and incentive for the organization of this sterling group. Be it herewith a point of record that we further appreciate your indefatigable promotion of the sport of bachelordom.

Jack Gillett, Pres.
Waikiki Unmarried
Bachelors' Assoc., Unltd.
Honolulu, Hawaii

JACQUOT GRIS

So kind of you to forward my mail to me, and in print, too! As you have probably deduced, PLAYBOY has been of service to me in the past. I thank you most sincerely for continuing to accommodate.

I am now gathering "data" for the

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same kind of article. The last one was on San Antonio girls; this one is on Yale men. If you are interested in the results of my surveys (a comparative study would be very enlightening, since there are more similarities than one might think) just drop me a line, care of the Yale Law School.

Jacquot Gris
Yale Law School
New Haven, Conn.

It is with deepest regret that I have misrepresented your fine magazine. As for the wonderful ladies of San Antonio and neighboring communities in Texas, it was very absent-minded of me to leave without leaving my forwarding address. Would you please be so kind as to do this for me?

Jacquot Gris
Columbus, Ohio

Do not forward any mail to me.
Jacquot
Spokane, Washington

My, my, how Jacquot gets around!

PLAYBOY AT VERMONT

The impact of your notable magazine on the campus of the University of Vermont was vividly demonstrated this past weekend. The occasion was our annual Kake Walk Winter Holiday and a skit presented by Tau Epsilon Phi fraternity depicted the effect PLAYBOY's popularity had had on the statue of Ira Allen which graces our fair campus: he turned into your famous rabbit. The final touch was

added the following morning when Phi Delta Theta unveiled a huge snow sculpture of Mr. Playboy. This campus is with you all the way. If only we had more girls who looked like the Playmates . . .

Bennett J. Woll
University of Vermont
Burlington, Vermont

DROOLING READERS DEPT.

Out in this neck of the woods, you've got us drooling with Thomas Mario's article, *Let's Stew It.* But please settle a discussion — is the casserole shown in the double-page color photograph one of the enameled steel type or some other type? And where is this type of cooking ware available?

Howard W. Harvey
Omaha, Nebraska

It's enameled cast iron, available at Marshall Field in Chicago — but the urban scene thereon was especially painted for PLAYBOY *by artist Robert Katzman.*

PERPLEXING POLKA DOTS

Al Stine's cartoon on page 37 of the March issue has been the object of much discussion. The $64,000 question is: does the girl taking off the red dress own the polka dot panties, or is it merely that the girl taking off the green dress owns the polka dot bra?

Fred Peck
Lawrenceville, N. J.

MORE LOVE IN THE DARK

I have just finished reading Pamela Moore's *Love in the Dark* and thought it an outstandingly humorous work of fiction.

Tom Proctor
Hokkaido, Japan

In reference to your article entitled *Love in the Dark* by the 19-year-old feminine author (whose name I cannot now recall), I would like to say that I enjoyed reading it. Perhaps it should have made me thoughtful and pensive, but, frankly, the whole thing left me with an advanced case of the giggles.

Dallas Bunting
Memphis, Tenn.

Hurray! Challenging the great morass of American moral mythology, a champion for Truth has arisen! Another Paul Revere has mounted horse, calling instead, "The sexual Dark Ages are here! Enlighten yourself!" Let's have more like *Love in the Dark* by Pamela Moore.

Robert D. Eckert
Cherry Point, N. C.

Shakespeare described the Pamela Moore essay to a T: "It is a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."

Ray C. Hughes
Syracuse, N. Y.

I don't know what kind of man or men Pamela Moore has had either the time or inclination to make love with, but I for one would like to defend my man. I am a woman of 27, mother of two children, and happily married to an unashamed, virile and artful American man. I say artful, because there is defi-

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nitely an art to making love, both on the part of the man and the woman.

Marie Louise Rutherford
Norwalk, Conn.

Like a lot of other American women, who monthly read through the husband's copy of PLAYBOY because it is a refreshing change from the whipped-cream pap of the so-called women's magazines, I regularly find a story or article worth re-reading and discussion. This time it's Pamela Moore's biting and honest piece on the American male. I am in hearty agreement with her indictments; American men rarely live up to their advance billing.

Anne E. LeCroy
Beverley, Mass.

Miss Moore, although she displays quite a penchant for talking about herself, does not mention ever having had sexual intercourse with any men, American or otherwise. Therefore I must assume that, unless she engaged in voyeurism, her opinions are based upon, at the very least, second-hand information.

B. J. Starr
Huntington Beach, California

Why must it be that bachelors are always the authors of books and articles on child care and training, and unmarried women are experts at settling questions on the many and varied shortcomings of the American male?

Gary Branson
Minneapolis, Minn.

Wasn't *Love in the Dark* misplaced? It seems to me that the article should have either preceded or followed PLAYBOY's Party Jokes, thereby placing it in the humor section where it would be better suited. In regard to the question that's bothering Miss Moore (that of making love in the dark), is she suggesting that all American men revert to their childhood and leave the lights on so they won't be afraid of the dark? What did they do before the electric light was invented? Gad! What a time to have to get up and put another log on the fire!

Harold E. Jack
San Francisco, Calif.

The poor American male has been branded as a lousy lover, lousy father, and lousy every-other-sport he might engage in with the opposite sex. Each and every American woman should be kicked smartly on that part of the anatomy usually reserved for the purpose of kicking, at least once a week, including Miss Pamela — it would do them a world of good.

Giles T. Reeves
Oxford, Ohio

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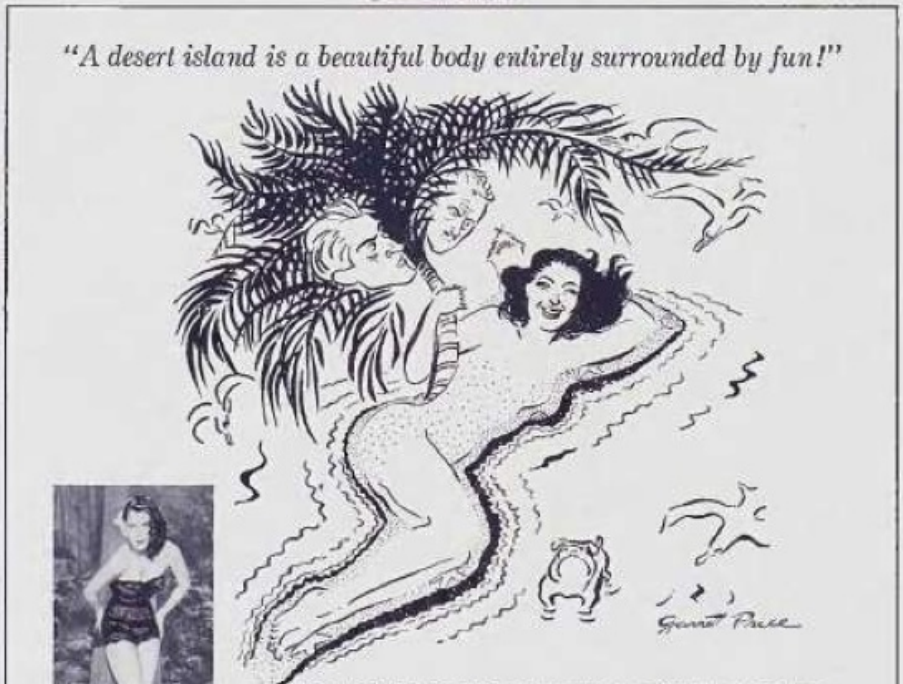
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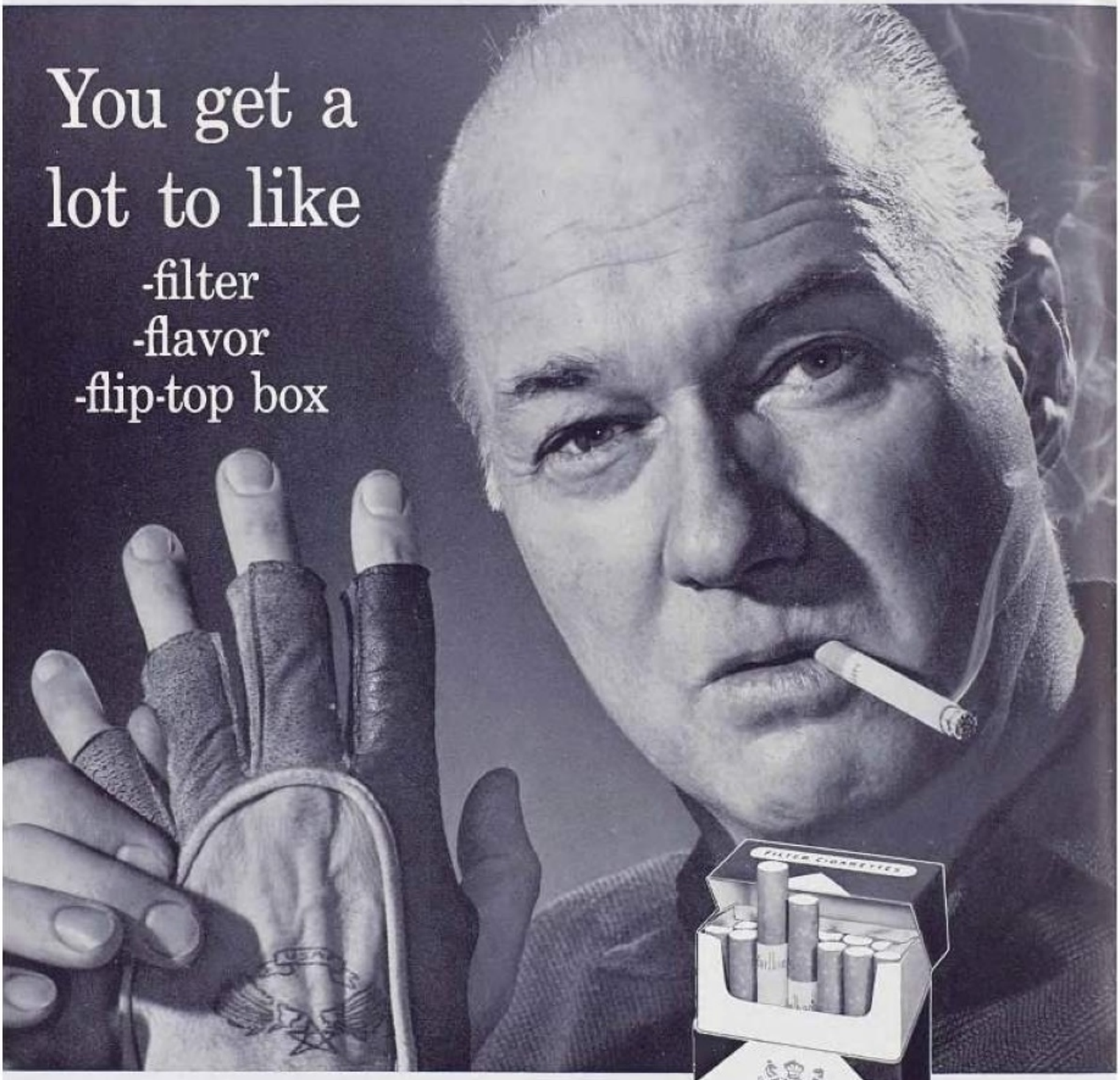

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

THERE hasn't been a publication since Pi Sheng invented movable type back in 1041 A.D. that hasn't had its share of howling typographical booboos, and as an occasional offender ourself, our heart bleeds for any colleagues caught with their bloopers down. We must admit, though, that such disasters help brighten the day sometimes. The *Orlando* (Florida) *Sentinel* recently made reference to "Rex Harrison, star of Broadway's '*My Fair Lay*'." The *Everett* (Washington) *Herald* released the intelligence that Errol Flynn is finished with swashbuckling movie roles: "Flynn," said the article, ". . . has announced that he's putting his period tights in mothballs and . . . hanging his raper over the fireplace." A St. Petersburg, Florida, newspaper, crowing about the pulling power of its classified ad section, announced proudly that "Mrs. Ralph R. Jones sold her bed after one insertion." And the *Portland* (Oregon) *Journal* has unearthed the mystical key to marital success in the comment of an octogenarian couple. Their piquant formula: "Don't get made at the same time."

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The fight for last listing in the Manhattan phone book is on again. Current title holder is the Zzyzzy Ztamp Ztudioz, which, of course, sells poztage ztampz. We have a suggestion for anyone who wants to be still last-er in next year's book. Form a sleeping pill company and call it ZZZZZZZ.

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A new and quite fancy delicatessen opened recently in Chicago with this legend prominently displayed over the door: WHAT FOODS THESE MORSELS BE.

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Pat Carroll, pert comedienne on the Sid Caesar show, shared our table at lunch the other day and breathlessly informed us of her answer to the popular Hero Sandwich. She calls it the Coward Sandwich and lists the yummy ingredients as filet of weakfish, yellow turnips, half-baked jellyfish and cherry jello, served, of course, on milktoast.

BOOKS

A somewhat wide-eyed view of brainwashing as practiced by motivation research analysts is presented by Vance Packard in ***The Hidden Persuaders*** (McKay, $4), a reading of which may leave you slightly wide-eyed, too. Motivation Research—MR to the ad boys—is the high-sounding name applied to the technique of tramping around in the brains and psyches of all of us to exploit our anxieties and aspirations for the sake of selling goods and ideas. At its most benign, it saddles you (through your unconscious) with brand loyalties among indistinguishable mass-produced products. At its most cynical and corrupt, it molds you into a docile Organization Man, persuades you of the logic of mortgaging your future to buy things you don't need and foists upon you politicians whose integrity may be measured by their willingness to tranquilize your intelligence while they seduce your *id*. Packard points out, by the way, that there's a degree of feedback in the seduction; that is, the psychologists who are using their depth-probing skills to manipulate us have themselves been seduced into corrupting their science for lucre—and who is to point a finger at them? To ask a professor to stick to his guiltless $5000 a year when he can multiply it by 10 via a short trip to Madison Avenue is like asking him to wear a hair shirt for the good of his soul.

Interesting moral considerations aside, though, the main virtue of *Persuaders* is that it's packed solid with startling, amusing—and sometimes frightening—examples of MR at work. From them, you can learn, among other things, how guilt feelings about self-indulgence are erased, how to exploit the eight basic emotional needs of modern man, how to build a sexual overtone into inanimate objects, how to create "psychological obsolescence" for goods which aren't worn out, why mass-oriented daytime TV has to be limited, pallid, highly moralistic, and what the new cars do for you in the way of sexual reassurance of potency. And much, much more: we'll predict that this shocker will be one of the most widely quoted and talked about books of the year.

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Less subtle but certainly no less sinister forms of persuading are probed in ***Battle for the Mind*** (Doubleday, $4.50) by William Sargant. He cops a plea for Russian neurophysiologist Ivan Pavlov, whose findings based on experiments with canines, he feels, have been sloughed off by the Western World ("Men are not dogs") while being ruthlessly exploited by police states. Moreover, the phenomenon of sudden conversion anywhere, whether it is brought about by a police interrogator, an evangelist, or a psychoanalyst, is achieved by basically identical techniques, claims the author: a feeling of guilt is induced by persistent suggestion (helped along, in some cases, by physical fatigue) and the subject becomes dissatisfied with his past life to the point of yearning for a new belief to fill the emptiness of his washed brain—and his converter is Johnny-on-the-spot to fill it with a hitherto not present political philosophy, religious conviction, confidence in self, or what-have-you. "Whoever can be roused either to fear or anger," says Sargant in a chapter of advice to prospective brain-washees,

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"is more easily led to accept the desired pattern," but the man who can remain indifferent, detached, even amused — in a word, sophisticated — is a tougher nut to crack. "Safety seems therefore to lie in a cultivation, not only of courage, moral virtue and logic, but of humor." Sargant concludes with an admonishment to man, proud man: "Though men are not dogs, they should humbly try to remember how much they resemble dogs in their brain functions, and not boast themselves as demigods."

•

Mr. Arkadin (Crowell, $3.50) is the kind of story that starts out with the narrator walking along the beach and stubbing his toe on a gentleman who gasps out a name and then promptly dies. It is described as "a novel in *The Third Man* mood" and has in common with that excellent piece of suspense fiction the single fact that it was a movie script first, a novel second. The author's name is Orson Welles.

•

Simultaneously published in hard and soft covers, Judith Merril's ***SF 57: The Year's Greatest Science-Fiction and Fantasy*** (Gnome, $3.95; Dell, 35¢) scoops the very cream from the past year's output in this lively genre. Among the authors: Robert Nathan, Theodore Sturgeon, Damon Knight, Isaac Asimov, Garson Kanin, and our boy Ray Russell, who is represented by his loving parody of science-fiction movies, *Put Them All Together They Spell Monster*. Four other PLAYBOY pieces — by Robert Bloch, Adrian Conan Doyle, Richard Matheson and Charles Beaumont — receive Honorable Mention from Miss Merril, one of the field's most authoritative, hard-headed editors. At either price, it's a bounteous bargain of a book.

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For those of us who like to be told what fine fellows we are, Stephen Potter has pulled out all the stops. In his new book, ***Potter on America*** (Random House, $3), he has done it with affection, discernment and humor. The book is a diary of two visits Oncupsman Potter made to America in 1955. He is eternally in love with American hospitality, the view from the Top of the Mark, the loveliness of the American female, the Oregon scenery and the extraordinary efficiency of the American kitchen. Even the Bronxy brayings of a New York cab driver become subject for eloquent comment. "I can understand you perfectly well," said Potter to one cabbie. "It's the Park Avenue people I find difficult." There is, however, an exception to his overall enthusiasm: the lamentable paucity of vermouth in a Yankee Martini. He moans, ever so mildly, "Why, those bartenders just hold up the vermouth bottle to let the gin see it — and that's all." His impressions of the American scene are fresh and amusing, throughout, and you can't help but enjoy this sightseeing trip on Potter's scooter.

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In Gerald Kersh's new novel, ***Fowlers End*** (Simon & Schuster, $3.95), we meet about as unsavory a group of people as has ever been collected between covers. There is Daniel Laverock, a young man whose frightfully scarred face renders him both formidable and fascinating. He makes short shrift of a small inheritance, then becomes a kind of glorified bouncer in a cheap cinema house in that dead-end area of London's slums known as Fowlers End. The theatre owner is a talkative, wily, vindictive, penny-pinching cockney, Sam Yudenow, who speaks in a blend of dialect and catarrh, and through him Daniel is thrown in with a motley crew of weirdies who expose their fangs as they tangle with each other. The only breath of spring in this jungle comes from a reasonably respectable young lady who insists upon saving him from himself, but of course fails. An uneasy peace settles on Fowlers End when Sam is routed in a coup-de-finance and Daniel decides to ship out on a freighter to more idyllic areas. Even though this new chapter brings him in contact with a sadistic captain, Daniel has become so inured to violence that he can take the skipper's abuse with philosophy and patience. We found Kersh's message obscure, unless he is trying to prove that the College of Hard Knocks is still the best prep school of all, yet he creates characters, mood and atmosphere so effortlessly that the yarn soars above its unkempt setting.

DINING-DRINKING

Petit Pigalle in St. Louis (4209 Lindell Blvd.) is a basement hutch of the checkered tablecloth, guttering candle school. A good many artists, visiting show folks, musicians and newspaper guys hang out there, and beards are almost as common as ears. There's always an exhibition of paintings hanging on the walls, and the atmosphere is just about as carefree and Left Bankish as you can get. A fiddler wanders around the tables sawing out the romantic, the nostalgic or the gay, and there's always a disarming little floor show featuring a folk singer. If that isn't enough, and you're properly charged with a couple of Marseilles Slings, you can vault up on the bandstand and demonstrate your own particular brand of genius. All this is coupled with American steaks and first-rate French chow moderately priced *(par exemple: escargots* in garlic butter, $2.85). That Marseilles Sling? Prepare it with two ounces port wine, two ounces

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cognac, one ounce of Cointreau. Guaranteed to make anyone burst into song.

RECORDS

Stan Kenton's ex-bassman, Curtis Counce, leads his own quintet in one of the most penetratingly masculine West Coast jazz LPs of recent months, ***The Curtis Counce Group*** (Contemporary 3526). In place of the usual clutch of overworked studio jazzmen you'll hear trumpeter Jack Sheldon, who for our money can give Chet Baker a run for his; Harold Land, a tenor sax with intestinal fortitude, and a new and energetic pianist, Carl Perkins; all three contribute original tunes. As you might expect of a West Coast jazz group, the members hail from Missouri, Florida, Texas, Indiana and Kansas.

•

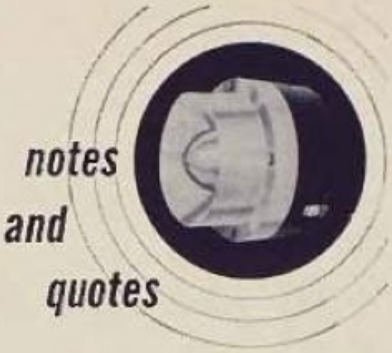
Counce's sidemen, all in their twenties, remind us that young blood is consistently a revitalizing force in instrumental jazz; but two other LPs remind us that vocally, the olden sounds are, for the most part, the golden sounds. Lee Wiley, heard in ***West of the Moon*** (Victor 1408) and Jimmy Rushing, in ***The Jazz Odyssey of James Rushing, Esq.*** (Columbia 963) have both been around for some 25 years on records. Miss Wiley's vibrato, still a unique and warmly wonderful thing, decorates some great songs (*My Ideal*, among others) with a variety of finely woven settings, from sexy to Dixie, all by Ralph Burns' groups. Mr. Rushing salutes four historic jazz towns with three suitable tunes apiece: New Orleans, Chicago, Kansas City, New York. On *Tricks Ain't Walkin' No More*, a piquant lyric for which Jimmy accompanies himself playing barrelhouse piano, you can almost see the red light. Both of these LPs, by the way, boast strikingly effective cover art.

•

Censored (Jubilee 1028) is a puckish package of unexpurgated show tunes: original versions of a dozen "dirty" ditties that made it big on Broadway but failed to clear for broadcasting. You can hear far better versions of most all on the original-cast LPs, but this one piles all the azure lyrics in one handy basket. Martha Wright, who wields a nothing voice, does her best to dispense the proper amount of piqued-maiden cuteness, almost succeeds on Rodgers and Hart's *Why Can't I?* ("Only my book in bed, knows how I look in bed") and Cole Porter's *The Great Indoors* ("If passing by, come in and try biting your initials on my artificial tan"). Some of the other tale-telling tunes are *Love for Sale; Bewitched, Bothered and Bewildered; Den of Iniquity* and *Let's Misbehave*. The recording is a paean to infidelity rather than an example of high fidelity . . . In the same blue vein, ***A Treasury of Ribaldry*** (Riverside 7001) offers 10 catholic selections from Louis Untermeyer's same-name anthology (PLAYBOY's *Christmas Package*, December 1956), by authors like Ovid, Boccaccio, Benjamin Franklin, *et al.*, in readings by erstwhile Gilbert-&-Sullivanite Martyn Green. A great idea, but it lays an egg, chiefly because Green — although he gives it the old Oxonian try — is too brittle, bloodless, arch and arid for this earthy material which needs the range, warmth, dexterity and *brio* of a Charles Laughton or, at least, the Brobdingnagian leer of a Groucho Marx.

•

Five highly commendable discs of current vintage nicely demonstrate the vitality of the swinging idea in much of the best contemporary jazz. Not too surprisingly, some of the same personnel wander in and out of several of them. ***This Is How I Feel about Jazz*** (ABC-Paramount 149) — the "I" being Quincy Jones — is, on the musical evidence, a fine way to feel about it. Quincy Delight Jones, Jr. — to accord him his full handle — is an arranger who likes to give his boys an opportunity for self-expression. Here, they take full advantage of the offer in six sustained compositions (three of them by Jones) and every one of them is resolved, vigorous, exciting — as you'd expect when you get together a team which includes Herbie Mann, Gene Quill, Jimmy Cleveland, Charlie Mingus, Charles Persip, Zoot Sims, Urbie Green, Hank Jones and Billy Taylor . . . ***Music to Listen to Barney Kessel By*** (Contemporary 3521) is the clever title of one of the most powerful jazz discs we've had the pleasure of hearing this season. Barney, of course, walked away as top git man in the PLAYBOY ALL-STAR JAZZ POLL for 1957. For this platter he's assembled a powerhouse of his co-moderns (men like Buddy Collette, André Previn, Shelley Manne, Red Mitchell) to provide five woodwinds and a rhythm section that swing like crazy while retaining the modern sound. It's great stuff — but the big news is that every arrangement is by Barney and they're all stand-outs. Among the dozen numbers presented is a Kessel original which we have a special reason for liking, a happy, bluesy, swinging ditty called *Blues for a Playboy* . . . ***Herbie Mann Plays*** (Bethlehem 58) brings on the flautist with an easy, swinging accompaniment by six of his cool colleagues, giving a controlled, happy treatment to a half-dozen mixed originals and standards. This is the best we've heard from Herbie to date: his flute is breathily sexy and can sound hoarse and potent or sweet and romantic, as the tune requires . . . A nifty notion pans out to perfection in ***Rhythm Plus One***



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PART I

advantages of a system made with components

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(Epic LN 3297). The notion was to provide four ace brass men with an ace rhythm section and let each guy blow three solo selections. The rhythm is provided by Osie Johnson (drums), Milt Hinton (bass), Hank Jones (piano) and Barry Galbraith (guitar). Against their solid beat you hear Conte Candoli's trumpet, Jimmie Cleveland's trombone, Seldon Powell's tenor sax and Gene Quill's alto. All too often, starring soloists show off their technique at the expense of musical sense; not so here at all — each man is secure in his mastery and demonstrates it with grace, taste, no haste, no waste . . . A platter yclept simply ***The Buddy DeFranco Wailers*** (Norgran 1085) gives a delicious hot-*cum*-cool treatment to a brace of fine old tunes (*Cheek to Cheek, Let's Call the Whole Thing Off, A Fine Romance,* and others of that ilk and vintage) and features — in addition to the DeFranco clarinet — Harry Edison on trumpet, Barney Kessel on guitar, Jimmy Rowles at the piano, Bob Stone on bass and Bobby White at the drums. Believe us, you need this.

•

Fresh, fascinating cheer can be gleaned from ***Night Life*** (Vik LX-1061), a near-perfect assortment of both gentle and jazzy gems sung with impeccable taste by Lurlean Hunter. Abetted by such fine fare as *Have You Met Miss Jones* and *Gentleman Friend,* plus a lot of noodling trumpet counterpoint by Joe Newman, Lurlean comes through like exactly what she is: one of the best femme vocalists around today . . . A velvety biscuit extolling that which makes the world go around is Nat Cole's nifty ***Love Is the Thing*** (Capitol W824), a golden gathering of goodies (*When I Fall in Love, It's All in the Game,* among others), sung effortlessly and intelligently by a guy who can do no wrong in the business of selling ballads

•

Girolamo Frescobaldi was acknowledged to be the greatest organist of the 17th Century. Luckily for us, he was also a crack composer, so today, via ***The Italian Seicento, Series C*** (Archive 3054), we can hear Eduard Müller interpret his works on a 400-year-old organ Frescobaldi himself might have played. The tone of this venerable instrument is as sweet, smooth and soft as whipped cream, and Mr. Müller's renditions of four toccatas, a bergamasca and a ricercare are done with affection. On the platter's obverse, Fritz Neumeyer sits down to a harpischord built in 1695 and wallops out more of the old master's toccatas, plus some correntes, a partita, a canzona and an aria, all of which issue from a harpischord with the meatiest, gutsiest tone these ears have ever had the pleasure of bending to . . . In marked contrast to such painstakingly authoritative

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renderings, still more pieces of Frescobaldi, in lush modern orchestrations by Giorgio Ghedini, are served up by conductor Fernando Previtali under the title ***Quattro Pezzi*** (London LL 1570). In the words of the liner, these substitute "a color-wash for the etched clarity" of the originals. The sound is big and thrilling, but it's not recommended to those who may take a dim view of turning 17th Century etchings into 20th Century travel posters.

•

Dialects ranging from Hebrew *(Hava Nageela)* to Cockney *(The Drummer and the Cook)* are not enough to rescue Harry Belafonte's latest platter, a globe-girdling folk-tune junket of uneven quality. Making for a dull ***Evening with Harry Belafonte*** (Victor 1402) are several of the tunes themselves: a nerve-grating *Cu Cu Ru Cu Cu Paloma*, an unmemorable *Nageela* and *Mary's Boy Child*, coupled with tired (but prettily performed) chestnuts like *Danny Boy*, *Shenandoah* and *When the Saints*. More in the Belafonte bailiwick: the calypsoid *Eden Was Just Like This*. Despite Harry's volatile and stylishly intense presentations, the record is far, far beneath his earlier LP efforts.

•

Gerry Mulligan is back, with one he calls ***Mainstream of Jazz*** (EmArcy 36101). Despite his modern ideas, Gerry digs hard at the roots of jazz, which makes for a pleasantly paradoxical effect, like the Queen of the Art Students' Ball decked out in a Victorian shawl. Trumpeter Jon Eardley kicks like the ghost of Bix; Zoot Sims and Bobby Brookmeyer wander in and out, casually but with aplomb. Most informal, and most fun, is *Blue at the Roots*, for which Gerry sidles over to the piano and has himself a ball

FILMS

This Could Be the Night is as ribald a reel of celluloid as has emerged from Hollywood in several decades. In it, Jean Simmons portrays a prim Smith graduate who bolsters her salary from teaching school by taking on an after-hours secretarial job in a night spot. The den's owners are played by Paul Douglas (it's he who hires Jean) and Anthony Franciosa, whose share in the venture includes maintaining an upstairs pad frequented by a long skein of curvy females. Franciosa doesn't dig the new amanuensis at all; in fact he thinks her claims to chastity are a lot of hokum. Douglas staunchly supports the lass, however, even risking a wager on her virginity. From which point even the dullest clod can envisage the opportunities for peppy, farcical, situation comedy. It's all here, abetted by Julie Wilson as the club thrush, a bouncy bundle named Neile Adams as the stripper, and Joan Blondell as her mama. *Night* takes a while to get going at its front end and rather sputters out at its conclusion, but between them it's good, frothy fun.

•

Oddly-titled ***Boy on a Dolphin*** tells of the discovery, recovery and delivery to its rightful owners of an ancient, submerged statue whose subject matter is a fellow on a fish. The goings-on are photographed in and around Athens, above and below the Aegean Sea, and feature the brilliantly-landscaped Sophia Loren who, as a spunky sponge diver, is either soaking wet or drying out for fully 40% of the footage. Alan Ladd, as an American archaeologist, is a fine, upstanding (though barely able to reach Miss Loren's shoulders) lad who eventually restores the statue to the Greek people and cops the girl from her native boyfriend, Jorge Mistral (an ill wind). Clifton Webb, playing a rich and selfish collector who tries to heist the *objet d'art*, is equipped with wisecracks and a wardrobe of chilling sartorial splendor. In fact, scenically the whole shooting match is splendid, what with all the wine-dark sea, romantic ruins, majestic mountains and sumptuous Sophia to gaze upon.

•

Silk Stockings, the filmed version of the Broadway show, is the story of a hot-shot American movie producer in Paris (Fred Astaire) trying to land the music of a top Soviet composer, also on business in Paris. In the process, the Yank produces a phony affidavit indicating that the Russian is really French, and proceeds to foil a trio of protective commissars with the aid of capitalistic sex and wines. To retrieve its confused composer and errant errand boys, Moscow dispatches Ninotchka (Cyd Charisse)—disciplined, determined, dependable. Her unbending, of course, is classic. Astaire demonstrates again that he is one of the ageless wonders of the world, and Miss Charisse, as usual, is stunning. In the *Silk Stockings* number, she transforms herself from a Soviet sad sack into an elegant Parisienne: off come her plain outerthings and drab underthings, on goes a silken ensemble of flimsies. Later, Cyd hits a scintillating high in *Red Blues*, a Russian-type jazz ditty in which she whirls dervishly in a tight sweater and flying skirt. Peter Lorre, Jules Munshin and Joseph Buloff are fine too as the comic-book commissars, and Janis Paige, singing the Cole Porter lyric "agitating eyes, titillating thighs, lubricating lips and undulating hips" must surely be telling of her own endowments. But if you're old enough to shave, you've seen *Silk Stockings* before.

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though not under that name, to wit the 1939 Garbo flick *Ninotchka* which, for our money, had still more sparkle than either the Broadway show or this filmed version of it.

•

The blacks, suspects in a rifle theft, are lined up shoulder to shoulder. A white planter moves down the line and applies the heated tip of a knife blade to the tongue of each man. On contact, saliva simmers and steam rises up. The blacks do not whimper or budge. Their tongues are wet and the heat does not hurt, for they are innocent. But as the white man approaches the guilty one, he bolts and tries to run off, for he knows that fear will dry his tongue. The horrifying realism of this scene is typical of the unabashed frankness and brutality which characterize ***Something of Value*** (based on the same-name best-seller by Robert Ruark), a film that treats the Mau Mau reign of terror with perception and courage. Central theme is the strain, stress and rupture of a life-long friendship between a white and a black. Because of tradition, prejudice, mistrust, violence and villainy on both sides, they realize their relationship cannot continue on the basis of equality. Each becomes a leader on opposing sides, and mayhem runs rife until the rebellion is put down and the picture ends, not on a conclusive note but at least on a hopeful one. Unfortunately, what the film boasts in blood and guts, it lacks in execution. Perhaps overcut, it jumps from scene to scene and leaves the viewer wondering what gives. Except for Sidney Poitier, who plays the well-meaning African boy dragged into the conspiracy, the acting generates no excitement at all. As the native-born white planter and Poitier's on-again off-again friend, Rock Hudson plays it cool in the hot jungle.

•

Designing Woman is a featherweight funny in which a chic dress designer (Lauren Bacall) and a sports columnist (Gregory Peck) find themselves in a complicated state of connubial bliss. Lousing up the works are: (1) a miffed boxing racketeer whom Greg has been continually attacking in his column and (2) a stacked showgirl who, being the sporty type, would like to get her name in the column. Talents, as you might have gathered, mean a great deal in a meltaway bon-bon like this, and producer Dore Schary (his last effort for MGM) has herded in some good ones. Bacall is witheringly sophisticated, while Peck does some pleasant tongue-in-jowl work; Dolores Gray as the mercurial Broadway miss is a joy to behold; and dance director Jack Cole comes up with a special type of plum — a choreographed back-alley brawl that's downright neat.

THEATRE

Tennessee Williams is still doing the Handsome Stranger bit, much in the mode lampooned later on in this issue: the hero of his latest, ***Orpheus Descending*** (at the Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th), is a wistful vagabond who wanders into an unnamed southern town with a headful of dreams and a guitar that has been autographed along the way by Bessie Smith, King Oliver and a dozen other Olympians of jazz. Like the hero of *Picnic* and two or three other plays, this particular Handsome Stranger (played by Cliff Robertson) is a breath of clean air to the women of a community long since gone stale. There is a pale girl of good family who has become a tramp on a perpetual jukebox binge (Lois Smith); an aging housewife who finds her escape in self-induced visions (Joanne Roos); and — of course — there is an earthy, frustrated Italian woman, right out of *The Rose Tattoo* (Maureen Stapleton) who runs a dry goods store while her sickly husband is taking a long time to die in an upstairs bedroom.

For a while, the chancy love affair between the Italian woman and the Stranger is a pathetic, tender reaching between two lonely people, but Williams doesn't give it a chance. In the end, the jealous husband totters down the stairs, shoots his wife and cries havoc in the streets. The precious guitar is smashed and the blue-jeaned Orpheus is torn to pieces by the sheriff's hound pack. The actors give amazingly vivid performances under Harold Clurman's sensitive, evocative direction. Williams' writing, aside from a few misguided patches of purple prose, is as sharply revealing and compassionate as anything he has ever done. It is only when he whistles up violence for the climax that the play reveals itself to be little more than a paste-up job in a familiar theatrical album.

•

Holiday For Lovers (at the Longacre, 220 W. 48th) is a pleasant little domestic comedy that could profit by a small shot of illicit excitement. Instead, author Ronald Alexander has settled for a series of the familiar crises that overtake a Midwestern family on its first Grand Tour of Europe. The older daughter marries a musician. The younger falls in love with an artist. And papa falls in love with mama all over again. It is all as simple as that with Paris, Seville and Rome thrown in for lagniappe and a look at the foreigners. Carmen Mathews is charming as the mother, and Don Ameche is expert and likable as the proud tourist who learns to order coffee in three languages.

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Rock 'n' Roll P. 19

Mart Sohl P. 50

The Back P. 59

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

PLAYBILL		2
DEAR PLAYBOY		5
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS		9
THE FLY—fiction	GEORGE LANGELAAN	16
ROCK 'N' ROLL—jazz	LEONARD FEATHER	19
WINTERS, THE WINNER—pictorial		20
CONTOUR CONTACT—article	HARRISON CASE	23
THE DOUBLE CROSS-UP—fiction	T. K. BROWN III	26
THE BREAKING OF THE FAST—food	THOMAS MARIO	29
FURTHER PUZZLES OF LOVE AND PASSION—quiz	HARLAN DRAPER	32
WHITE'S RIGHT—attire	BLAKE RUTHERFORD	34
MISS JUNE—playboy's playmate of the month		39
PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor		44
ONE FOR THE BOOK—humor	ARTHUR KOBER	47
A REAL FREE-FORM GUY—entertainment	ROLF MALCOLM	50
THE LADY AND THE ANGEL—ribald classic	ANATOLE FRANCE	52
ENTER THE HANDSOME STRANGER—satire	RAY RUSSELL	57
THE BACK—pictorial	SAM BAKER	59
PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK—travel	PATRICK CHASE	78

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THE FLY *fiction* By George Langelaan

if she looked upon the horror any longer she would scream for the rest of her life

TELEPHONES AND TELEPHONE BELLS have always made me uneasy. Years ago, when they were mostly wall fixtures, I disliked them, but nowadays, when they are planted in every nook and corner, they are a downright intrusion. We have a saying in France that a coalman is master in his own house; with the telephone that is no longer true, and I suspect that even the Englishman is no longer king in his own castle.

At the office, the sudden ringing of the telephone annoys me. It means that, no matter what I am doing, in spite of the switchboard operator, in spite of my secretary, in spite of doors and walls, some unknown person is coming into the room and onto my desk to talk right into my very ear, confidentially—and that whether I like it or not. At home, the feeling is still more disagreeable, but the worst is when the telephone rings in the dead of night. If anyone could see me turn on the light and get up blinking to answer it, I suppose I would look like any other sleepy man annoyed at being disturbed. The truth in such a case, however, is that I am struggling against panic, fighting down a feeling that a stranger has broken into the house and is in my bedroom. By the time I manage to grab the receiver and say: *"Ici Monsieur Delambre. Je vous ecoute,"* I am outwardly calm, but I only get back to a more normal state when I recognize the voice at the other end and when I know what is wanted of me.

This effort at dominating a purely animal reaction and fear had become so effective that when my sister-in-law called me at two in the morning, asking me to come over, but first to warn the police that she had just killed my brother, I quietly asked her how and why she had killed Andre.

"But, Francois! . . . I can't explain all that over the telephone. Please call the police and come quickly."

"Maybe I had better see you first, Helene?"

"No, you'd better call the police first; otherwise they will start asking you all sorts of awkward questions. They'll have enough trouble as it is to believe that I did it alone . . . And, by the way, I suppose you ought to tell them that Andre . . . Andre's body, is down at the factory. They may want to go there first."

"Did you say that Andre is at the factory?"

"Yes . . . under the steam-hammer."

"Under the what!"

"The steam-hammer! But don't ask so many questions. Please come quickly Francois! Please understand that I'm afraid . . . that my nerves won't stand it much longer!"

Have you ever tried to explain to a sleepy police officer that your sister-in-law has just phoned to say that she has killed your brother with a steam-hammer? I repeated my explanation, but he would not let me.

"Oui, Monsieur, oui, I hear . . . but who are you? What is your name? Where do you live? I said, where do you live!"

It was then that Commissaire Charas took over the line and the whole business. He at least seemed to understand everything. Would I wait for him? Yes, he would pick me up and take me over to my brother's house. When? In five or 10 minutes.

I had just managed to pull on my trousers, wriggle into a sweater and grab a hat and coat, when a black Citroen, headlights blazing, pulled up at the door.

"I assume you have a night watchman at your factory, Monsieur Delambre. Has he called you?" asked Commissaire Charas letting in the clutch as I sat down beside

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him and slammed the door of the car.

"No, he hasn't. Though of course my brother could have entered the factory through his laboratory where he often works late at night . . . all night sometimes."

"Is Professor Delambre's work connected with your business?"

"No, my brother is, or was, doing research work for the Ministere de l'Air. As he wanted to be away from Paris and yet within reach of where skilled workmen could fix up or make gadgets big and small for his experiments, I offered him one of the old workshops of the factory and he came to live in the first house built by our grandfather on the top of the hill at the back of the factory."

"Yes, I see. Did he talk about his work? What sort of research work?"

"He rarely talked about it, you know. I suppose the Air Ministry could tell you. I only know that he was about to carry out a number of experiments he had been preparing for some months, something to do with the disintegration of matter, he told me."

Barely slowing down, the Commissaire swung the car off the road, slid it through the open factory gate and pulled up sharp by a policeman apparently expecting him.

I did not need to hear the policeman's confirmation. I knew now that my brother was dead, it seemed that I had been told years ago. Shaking like a leaf, I scrambled out after the Commissaire.

Another policeman stepped out of a doorway and led us towards one of the shops where all the lights had been turned on. More policemen were standing by the hammer, watching two men setting up a camera. It was tilted downwards, and I made an effort to look.

It was far less horrid than I had expected. Though I had never seen my brother drunk, he looked just as if he were sleeping off a terrific binge, flat on his stomach across the narrow line on which the white-hot slabs of metal were rolled up to the hammer. I saw at a glance that his head and arm could only be a flattened mess, but that seemed quite impossible; it looked as if he had somehow pushed his head and arm right into the metallic mass of the hammer.

Having talked to his colleagues, the Commissaire turned towards me:

"How can we raise the hammer, Monsieur Delambre?"

"I'll raise it for you."

"Would you like us to get one of your men over?"

"No, I'll be all right. Look, here is the switchboard. It was originally a steam-hammer, but everything is worked electrically here now. Look Commissaire, the hammer has been set at 50 tons and its impact at zero."

"At zero . . . ?"

"Yes, level with the ground if you prefer. It is also set for single strokes, which means that it has to be raised after each blow. I don't know what Helene, my sister-in-law, will have to say about all this, but one thing I am sure of: she certainly did not know how to set and operate the hammer."

"Perhaps it was set that way last night when work stopped?"

"Certainly not. The drop is never set at zero, Monsieur le Commissaire."

"I see. Can it be raised gently?"

"No. The speed of the upstroke cannot be regulated. But in any case it is not very fast when the hammer is set for single strokes."

"Right. Will you show me what to do? It won't be very nice to watch, you know."

"No, no, Monsieur le Commissaire. I'll be all right."

"All set?" asked the Commissaire of the others. "All right then, Monsieur Delambre. Whenever you like."

Watching my brother's back, I slowly but firmly pushed the upstroke button.

The unusual silence of the factory was broken by the sigh of compressed air rushing into the cylinders, a sigh that always makes me think of a giant taking a deep breath before solemnly socking another giant, and the steel mass of the hammer shuddered and then rose swiftly. I also heard the sucking sound as it left the metal base and thought I was going to panic when I saw Andre's body heave forward as a sickly gush of blood poured all over the ghastly mess bared by the hammer.

"No danger of it coming down again, Monsieur Delambre?"

"No, none whatever," I mumbled as I threw the safety switch and, turning around, I was violently sick in front of a young green-faced policeman.

• • •

For weeks after, Commissaire Charas worked on the case, listening, questioning, running all over the place, making out reports, telegraphing and telephoning right and left. Later, we became quite friendly and he owned that he had for a long time considered me as suspect number one, but had finally given up that idea because, not only was there no clue of any sort, but not even a motive.

Helene, my sister-in-law, was so calm throughout the whole business that the doctors finally confirmed what I had long considered the only possible solution: that she was mad. That being the case, there was of course no trial.

My brother's wife never tried to defend herself in any way and even got quite annoyed when she realized that people thought her mad, and this of course was considered proof that she was indeed mad. She owned up to the murder of her husband and proved easily that she knew how to handle the hammer; but she would never say why, exactly how, or under what circumstances she had killed my brother. The great mystery was how and why had my brother so obligingly stuck his head under the hammer, the only possible explanation for his part in the drama.

The night watchman had heard the hammer all right; he had even heard it twice, he claimed. This was very strange, and the stroke-counter which was always set back to nought after a job, seemed to prove him right, since it marked the figure two. Also, the foreman in charge of the hammer confirmed that after cleaning up the day before the murder, he had as usual turned the stroke-counter back to nought. In spite of this, Helene maintained that she had only used the hammer once, and this seemed just another proof of her insanity.

Commissaire Charas who had been put in charge of the case at first wondered if the victim were really my brother. But of that there was no possible doubt, if only because of the great scar running from his knee to his thigh, the result of a shell that had landed within a few feet of him during the retreat in 1940; and there were also the fingerprints of his left hand which corresponded to those found all over his laboratory and his personal belongings up at the house.

A guard had been put on his laboratory and the next day half-a-dozen officials came down from the Air Ministry. They went through all his papers and took away some of his instruments, but before leaving, they told the Commissaire that the most interesting documents and instruments had been destroyed.

The Lyons police laboratory, one of the most famous in the world, reported that Andre's head had been wrapped up in a piece of velvet when it was crushed by the hammer, and one day Commissaire Charas showed me a tattered drapery which I immediately recognized as the brown velvet cloth I had seen on a table in my brother's laboratory, the one on which his meals were served when he could not leave his work.

After only a very few days in prison, Helene had been transferred to a nearby asylum, one of the three in France where insane criminals are taken care of. My nephew Henri, a boy of six, the very image of his father, was entrusted to me, and eventually all legal arrangements were made for me to become his guardian and tutor.

Helene, one of the quietest patients of the asylum, was allowed visitors and I went to see her on Sundays. Once or twice the Commissaire had accompanied me and, later, I learned that he had

(continued on page 22)

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ROCK 'n' ROLL

is this frantic phenomenon a new school of jazz?

jazz **BY LEONARD FEATHER**

CUSTOMARILY, ENTERTAINMENT is thought to be something pleasurable, relaxing, sociable. People seek it—especially in times of *sturm und drang* like our own—for surcease from turmoil, for delight and amusement. When, therefore, a form of "entertainment" bursts on the world to the accompaniment of shrieks, groans, tears, moans, riot, mayhem and vandalism, the least curious citizen may pause to wonder just what the hell it's all about. We refer, of course, to rock 'n' roll which, during the past couple of years, has acquired a far-thundering, frantic reputation, along with a legion of dauntless devotees stretching from Bangkok to Bushyhead, Oklahoma, and back again. It has also picked up an equal number of furrow-browed, finger-wagging critics who howl in dismay at the very mention of it in polite company. It has taken the cosmos of Tin Pan Alley by absolute storm. During recent weeks, as many as six to eight of the top dozen tunes on every poll in the land were tidbits that had been popularized, and in most cases, composed, by rock 'n' roll artists: Presley's *Too Much* and *All Shook Up;* Fats Domino's *Blueberry Hill* and *Blue Monday;* Ivory Joe Hunter's *Since I Met You, Baby,* among others.

Rock 'n' roll has caused out-and-out bacchanals in Western Germany, bottle-busting in Newport, seat-slashing on Brooklyn subways and general pandemonium everywhere else.

"This latest phenomenon in the field of jazz," said one angry bluenose, "is ample evidence—if evidence were needed—that jazz music appeals to the basest primal instincts in man, rendering him little better than the beasts of the jungle." Well, everyone is entitled to his opinions about men and beasts—but there are some cool cats among us who will object, and mightily, to rock 'n' roll being called jazz. On the other hand, if rock 'n' roll isn't a new school of jazz, what is it?

Jazz music is accepted as one of America's few original art forms; it is played in the nation's leading concert halls and taught at many universities; it has done much to make friends for America in foreign lands. In the three generations since its beginning, jazz has passed through a number of distinct forms, and variations of most of them are still being played today. In fact, exponents of most of the several recognized schools of jazz placed high in PLAYBOY's first ALL-STAR JAZZ POLL. New Orleans' Louis Armstrong won first place in the trumpet section with a style that goes straight back to the beginning of jazz, but second place trumpet went to cool schooler Chet Baker, and third place to Dizzy Gillespie, most closely identified with bop. Swing king Benny Goodman proved to be the most popular man with the clarinet, and readers picked Stan Kenton, of big band, progressive jazz fame, as the ALL-STAR aggregation's leader. They also cast enough votes for a gentleman named Bo Diddley to put him in third place amongst guitarists, ahead of such recognized jazz greats as Tal Farlow, Freddie Greene and Johnny Smith. Bo Diddley is a rock 'n' roller. So apparently rock 'n' roll has some standing with a sizable segment of the readers of PLAYBOY.

Critics cry that rock 'n' roll is not legitimate jazz—is hardly, in fact, even music! But some without the ear to hear made similar remarks about Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Parker and their early experiments with bop, likening this important music to the sounds a waiter makes when dropping a tray of dishes. Perhaps, like bop, rock 'n' roll is simply a new phase of the changing jazz form to

(continued on page 75)

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WINTERS, THE WINNER *a shy, shapely lisa tops the popular playmate poll*

IN LAST JANUARY'S *Playmate Review*, we asked readers to choose their favorite beauty of the year just past. The torrent of letters and telegrams that poured in left no doubt about who copped the title of most popular Playmate of 1956: Lisa Winters, hands down.

The unusual twist about it all was that the lovely Lisa had never done a day of professional modeling in her life, was in reality a quiet, well-scrubbed, stay-at-home when photographer Bunny Yeager first spotted her waiting for a bus on a downtown Miami street corner. When Lisa appeared as PLAYBOY's December Playmate, things began popping. Movie Moguls at Warner Brothers, Paramount, Twentieth Century-Fox and Universal-International proffered long-term contracts (none of which she has yet accepted); there were countless modeling and television offers, too; and she is being talked about as a possible lead in the upcoming cinema biography, *The Jean Harlow Story*. All of these accolades have left a shy, book-loving blonde somewhat dazed, but exceedingly happy. To make PLAYBOY readers happy, too, Bunny Yeager (who is now Lisa's personal manager) invited a Bikini-bedecked Lisa for a day at the beach and snapped these fetching photos of your Playmate of the Year.

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pictorial

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FLY *(continued from page 18)*

also visited Helene alone. But we were never able to obtain any information from my sister-in-law who seemed to have become utterly indifferent. She rarely answered my questions and hardly ever those of the Commissaire. She spent a lot of her time sewing, but her favorite pastime seemed to be catching flies which she invariably released unharmed after having examined them carefully.

Helene only had one fit of raving—more like a nervous breakdown than a fit said the doctor who had administered morphia to quieten her—the day she saw a nurse swatting flies.

The day after Helene's one and only fit, Commissaire Charas came to see me.

"I have a strange feeling that there lies the key to the whole business, Monsieur Delambre," he said.

I did not ask him how it was that he already knew all about Helene's fit.

"I do not follow you, Commissaire. Poor Madame Delambre could have shown an exceptional interest for anything else, really. Don't you think that flies just happen to be the border-subject of her tendency to raving?"

"Do you believe she is really mad?" he asked.

"My dear Commissaire, I don't see how there can be any doubt. Do you doubt it?

"I don't know. In spite of all the doctors say, I have the impression that Madame Delambre has a very clear brain . . . even when catching flies."

"Supposing you were right, how would you explain her attitude with regard to her little boy? She never seems to consider him as her own child."

"You know, Monsieur Delambre, I have thought about that also. She may be trying to protect him. Perhaps she fears the boy or, for all we know, hates him?"

"I'm afraid I don't understand, my dear Commissaire."

"Have you noticed, for instance, that she never catches flies when the boy is there?"

"No. But come to think of it, you are quite right. Yes, that is strange . . . Still, I fail to understand."

"So do I, Monsieur Delambre. And I'm very much afraid that we shall never understand, unless perhaps your sister-in-law should *get better.*"

"The doctors seem to think that there is no hope of any sort you know."

"Yes. Do you know if your brother ever experimented with flies?"

"I really don't know, but I shouldn't think so. Have you asked the Air Ministry people? They knew all about the work."

"Yes, and they laughed at me."

"I can understand that."

"You are very fortunate to understand anything, Monsieur Delambre. I do not . . . but I hope to some day."

• • •

"Tell me, Uncle, do flies live a long time?"

We were just finishing our lunch and, following an established tradition between us, I was just pouring some wine into Henri's glass for him to dip a biscuit in.

Had Henri not been staring at his glass gradually being filled to the brim, something in my look might have frightened him.

This was the first time that he had ever mentioned flies, and I shuddered at the thought that Commissaire Charas might quite easily have been present. I could imagine the glint in his eye as he would have answered my nephew's question with another question. I could almost hear him saying:

"I don't know, Henri. Why do you ask?"

"Because I have again seen the fly that *Maman* was looking for."

And it was only after drinking off Henri's own glass of wine that I realized that he had answered my spoken thought.

"I did not know that your mother was looking for a fly."

"Yes, she was. It has grown quite a lot, but I recognized it all right."

"Where did you see this fly, Henri, and . . . how did you recognize it?"

"This morning on your desk, Uncle Francois. Its head is white instead of black, and it has a funny sort of leg."

Feeling more and more like Commissaire Charas, but trying to look unconcerned, I went on:

"And when did you see this fly for the first time?"

"The day that Papa went away. I had caught it, but *Maman* made me let it go. And then after, she wanted me to find it again. She'd changed her mind." and shrugging his shoulders just as my brother used to, he added, "You know what women are."

"I think that fly must have died long ago, and you must be mistaken, Henri." I said, getting up and walking to the door.

But as soon as I was out of the dining room, I ran up the stairs to my study. There was no fly anywhere to be seen.

I was bothered, far more than I cared to even think about. Henri had just proved that Charas was really closer to a clue than had seemed when he told me about his thoughts concerning Helene's pastime.

For the first time I wondered if Charas did not really know much more than he let on. For the first time also, I wondered about Helene. Was she really insane? A strange, horrid feeling was growing on me, and the more I thought about it, the more I felt that, somehow, Charas was right: Helene was *getting away with it!*

What could possibly have been the reason for such a monstrous crime? What had led up to it? Just what had happened?

I thought of all the hundreds of questions that Charas had put to Helene, sometimes gently like a nurse trying to sooth, sometimes stern and cold, sometimes barking them furiously. Helene had answered very few, always in a calm quiet voice and never seeming to pay any attention to the way in which the question had been put. Though dazed, she had seemed perfectly sane then.

Refined, well-bred and well-read, Charas was more than just an intelligent police official. He was a keen psychologist and had an amazing way of smelling out a fib or an erroneous statement even before it was uttered. I knew that he had accepted as true the few answers she had given him. But then there had been all those questions which she had never answered: the most direct and important ones. From the very beginning, Helene had adopted a very simple system. "I cannot answer that question," she would say in her low quiet voice. And that was that! The repetition of the same question never seemed to annoy her. In all the hours of questioning that she underwent, Helene did not once point out to the Commissaire that he had already asked her this or that. She would simply say, "I cannot answer that question," as though it was the very first time that that particular question had been asked and the very first time she had made that answer.

This cliché had become the formidable barrier beyond which Commissaire Charas could not even get a glimpse, an idea of what Helene might be thinking. She had very willingly answered all questions about her life with my brother—which seemed a happy and uneventful one—up to the time of his end. About his death, however, all that she would say was that she had killed him with the steam-hammer, but she refused to say why, what had led up to the drama and how she got my brother to put his head under it. She never actually refused outright; she would just go blank and, with no apparent emotion, would switch over to, "I cannot answer that question."

Helene, as I have said, had shown the Commissaire that she knew how to set and operate the steam-hammer.

Charas could only find one single fact which did not coincide with Helene's declarations, the fact that the hammer had been used twice. Charas was no longer willing to attribute this to in-

(continued on page 36)

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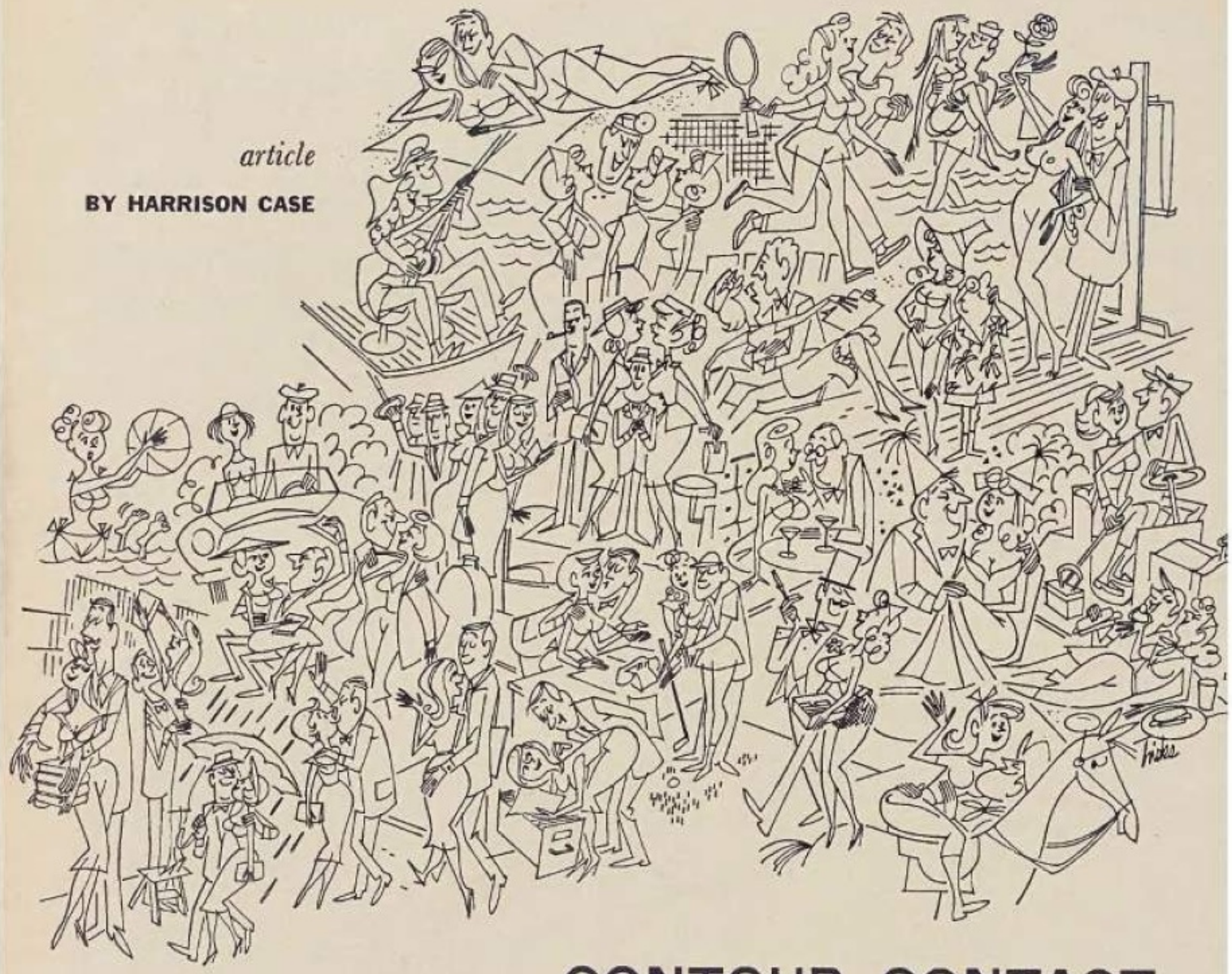
article

BY HARRISON CASE



CONTOUR CONTACT

the gentle art of laying hands on lasses all about you

IN THESE PARLOUS DAYS of juvenile delinquency, taxation, motor ping, piston ring slap, receding hairline, the high cost (in time, money and energy) of serial or simultaneous seductions and other assorted despairs and doldrums, the average bachelor must either contemplate marriage (with whatever grace he can muster for the occasion), or find some additional outlet for the head of steam built up by encountering frustration on every hand. Release may, of course, be found in hitting people, or in hitting the bottle. There is, however, another and sadly undervalued means for discharging pent-up emotion, one which is benign, gentle, enjoyable, and of undoubted (if peripheral) social value. It is the gentle art of contour contact, a neglected ornament to the interplay of the sexes, and a relaxing amusement which not only spreads good will but is also hygienic and economical. However, like all pleasurable activities, it demands of its participants a decent grasp of its techniques. Some notes on these may be in order for the serious student who would perfect himself in the discipline.

First, what is contour contact, or C.C., as it is called? C.C. is the act of enjoying touching and caressing, stroking and patting, sometimes even gently pinching, the contours of the female anatomy. This may or may not lead—uh—beyond, but it can be an end in itself and at any rate makes a nice supplement to more involved and energetic activity. It may be enjoyed in public or private, overtly or covertly, at any season of the year, and by anyone who has a grasp of its rules and procedures. Some people, as will be seen, are natural C.C. types; these require nothing in the way of instruction, and, additionally, merit our esteem, nicely tinged with envy.

You've seen them operate—everyone has. Take the case of Bill Fentriss. Follow him through a day. Bill is the man who, on commuter train or bus or trolley, always manages to sit or stand beside a gorgeous doll. Usually, they're crowded close together. C.C. is inevitable under the circumstances. You and I, on the other hand, untutored in C.C., may well be crowded against fellow men, and while this is C.C., under the dictionary definition, it is spelled c.c., not C.C.

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and does not count.

Fentriss and the elevator girl in his office building don't exchange many words, but he manages to accord various parts of her anatomy the fluttering attention of his hands as he rides to his floor. Sometimes a beauteous secretary is also a passenger. Fentriss, faced with a hard choice, never hesitates. He goes for both, managing to get between the elevator girl and the secretary, and then he is a very busy C.C. man indeed.

Around the office, Fentriss is on good C.C. terms with all the best-looking girls. He massages the shoulders of this one, puts his arm around the waist of another as they walk down the hall, bends over the desk of a third to consult a paper thereon and manages to have his arm around her shoulders, etc.

At office parties, Fentriss really gets around with his C.C. work, but we will skip them, since they aren't daily occurences. But at lunch there's the restaurant hostess who comes in for her share, and then the waitress. Fentriss is, above all, impartial, provided the ladies are adequately pulchritudinous.

Back at the office again, there always seems to be some reason for Fentriss to be in the filing room when the best looking file clerk is bent over a lower drawer. He drapes himself gracefully over the file cabinet and peers down at her flushed face and etc., while offering solicitude for the difficulty of her work. Then, with a weary sigh, he reluctantly goes back to his duty, i.e., he must crowd past her to get at another file. This he does apologetically, with C.C. occurring en route and round trip.

Some girl gets a kiss from Fentriss every day. There's the one who's just engaged. The one leaving on vacation. The birthday girl. The girl just back from vacation. The former employee visiting old friends. The girl who's leaving to be married. They all get bussed by Bill.

After work, it's the same. All Mrs. Fentriss' women friends who pass muster on looks are greeted warmly when they come to visit with their husbands, or when the Fentrisses go visiting. Bill is also the chap who chivalrously takes home the odd female from every gathering—if she qualifies. His chivalry doesn't stop there, either. He's a great one for helping girls on and off with their coats, and he practically lifts them into and out of taxis. He is the soul of consideration in other circumstances, too: if an automobile or car is crowded, he always seems to be in a position to offer his lap to the prettiest girl.

To tell the complete story of Bill Fentriss and his C.C. activity would tax these pages, but some surrounding data is needed for even a partial study. This is provided by other guys who have observed his skill and tried to do likewise. On investigation, they all turn out to be as physically attractive as Bill, or more so, and as pleasant in speech, deportment, dress, manner. Yet, when it comes to C.C., they are failures every one. Testimony to the fact is apparent in their recollections of rebuffs, ranging from gentle reprimand, through harsh rebuke, to shame-provoking ridicule, and on to physical punishment (a slap, even a black eye). What has Bill got that they haven't? Before we examine this fascinating question, it behooves us to go into greater detail concerning C.C.

Ernie Bushmiller, the cartoonist, once did a drawing of an artist, before whom a beautiful nude model was posing, who ignored her to gaze hungrily out of the window at the ankle of a fully-clothed girl passing by. The phenomenon, in one form or other, is common, and has a lot to do with C.C. For the fact is that the way girls these days dress, walk, sit, stand, talk, do their hair, apply make-up, use perfume, laugh, smile, work—what will you—is calculated to be stimulating to the human male. Consciously or not, they are emulating those totem poles of sex (to use the Ben Hecht phrase), the movie stars. They are following the adjurations of advertisers, who have them convinced that they must give the appearance and total impression of being the ultimate in desirability.

And it works. Girls have never looked better *in their clothes*. Their southern exposures (when they're northbound) invite the hand of the esthetically susceptible male. Some poets might liken one girl's curves from this viewpoint to a luscious pear, another's to an apple, another's to identical scoops of ice cream, nested side by side. These edible analogies don't do the subjects justice, however, for this is not static fruit, it is human anatomy in delicious motion. From the northern aspect, one can observe what George A. McNamara describes as the phenomenon of jiggling, whereby certain portions of the female anatomy, in striving to keep pace with the whole, over-compensate in their motions, rising too high, then going too low, going too far to the right, and then too far to the left, all contributing to that complex and rhythmic movement which is so stimulating to observe. Modern garb has added a syncopated accent to the natural jiggle which is downright miraculous.

All of which points to the fact that, added to the natural form divine, there is now the stimulus of what we will call Modern Methods of Male Magnetization, or M to the fourth power, which is but powerful! It doesn't take much knowledge of human nature, mathematics, or chemistry to understand that, today, more than ever, $M^4 \times C.C. = A$ Happier World. Add to this Bushmiller's Principle, that a girl in a bathing suit can be more stimulating to the male imagination than one nude, and that one seductively dressed is often more stimulating than one in a bathing suit, and what have you got?

You've got Bill Fentriss—and you have the other guys who don't enjoy his good fortune. And now, we're ready to learn why. Three factors are responsible: Attitude. Approach. Technique.

Bill's attitude is one of frank and sensuous admiration. He is an esthete and a sensualist, not a libertine or sex fiend. He loves to handle beautiful things, which, by their appeal to his senses, seem to be asking him to. If he's in a movie with a girl, or sitting beside her on a divan in a restaurant, it's the most natural thing for him to take her hand, or press his thigh to hers. This is not a surreptitious pawing or a panting groping. It is a frank invitation to heighten the pleasures of the moment by adding the joys of C.C., and it is seldom rejected. Bill may or may not be directly sexually stimulated by C.C., but this is a side issue. One might even hazard that, in such cases, Bill has the good taste and the good sense to stop. His attitude toward C.C. is like most men's attitude toward dancing: the contact is exciting, but its focus of interest is not necessarily—and certainly seldom exclusively—directly sexual. One may suspect that other men's failures in assaying Bill's high score at random C.C. stem, at least in part, from a sexy, guiltily sneaky, or lascivious attitude.

Next is the matter of Bill's approach. It is direct and highly complimentary to the girls. What girl doesn't like tangible evidence of her charms? What girl can resist a demonstration of her appeal? What demonstration could be more satisfyingly convincing than to have the admirer reach out to touch and feel and pat? And once a girl has experienced C.C. as administered by a master like Bill, how can she resist a repeat performance? These all being rhetorical questions, we can go on to the final point.

The technique of C.C. is hard to learn if you don't come by it naturally, but some pointers may help the amateur or beginner.

Bill is a great arm man. A well-fleshed, well-rounded arm is hard for him to resist. When he sees one, he wants to hold it, stroke it, squeeze it not too hard but firmly. Same with a lot of guys. But Bill's technique is to comment on it in flattering terms. "Laura," he will say, "you have the most beautiful arms I've ever seen. They're downright gorgeous and it isn't fair to wear short sleeves." By this time he has the arm in his hands and is administering gentle C.C. Laura likes it.

One unhappy man once saw Bill, right

(concluded on page 78)

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"I don't know who else to go to. It happened in international waters."

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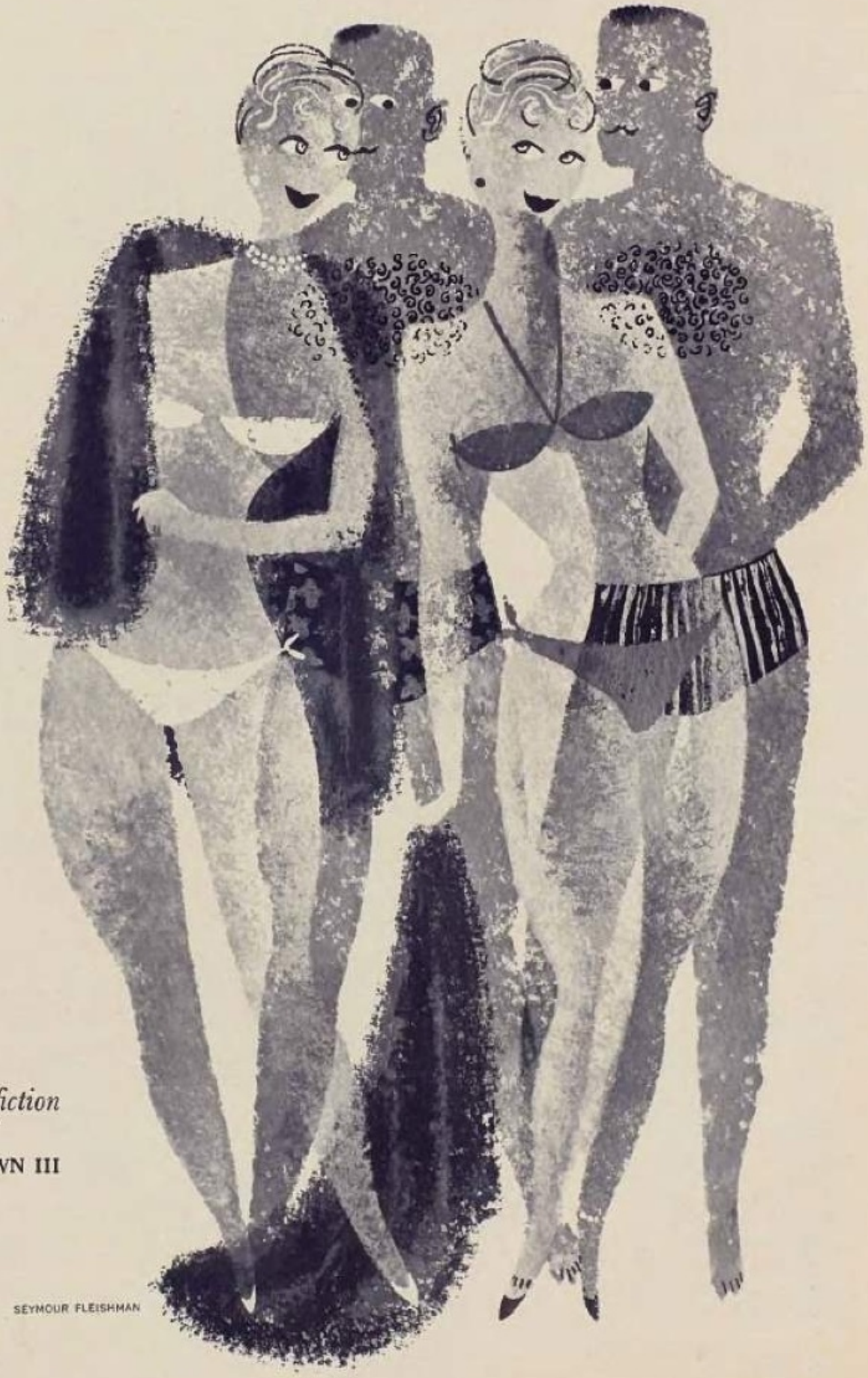

fiction

BY T. K. BROWN III

SEYMOUR FLEISHMAN

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GLORIA AND JOE went to Miami Beach for their winter vacation, and they just *loved* it. They stayed at the Mecca Motel. Gloria wrote all about it to her friend in New York:

Dear Doris,

Well here we are in Miami Beach and is it scrumptious! We're at the Mecca Motel and I think it is stinking the way they call this part of the Beach "Motel Mile" because that makes it sound so cheap and commercial which it really isn't at all. This motel is a darling place, right on the ocean, which you don't need really because they have this huge swimming pool and a *simply divine* boy to rescue your life. This Mecca Motel is very tastefully put together and not cheap at all—$26 a day!—and they keep the Arab idea running through it, like they have all the help dressed up like Arabs in fancy robes and those gizmos on their heads—flower pots with tassels—and two minarets out front, all glass, playing *Sheik of Araby* for you when you drive in. In the front yard they have a caravan of camels and ostriches and I took a simply hilarious picture of Joe sitting on an ostrich—wait till you see it!!

All I can say is, I'm set for a real high time here at Miami Beach and I intend to have it! The weather is gorgeous—February and so hot I feel silly wearing my mink overtop of a sun suit. Our room is on the side, too bad because all we can see is the wall of the next motel, but—

In a word, Gloria and Joe were having a great time at Miami Beach, and they liked it not only because it was so refined but also because you meet such wonderful people there. On their very first evening the motel was putting on what it called a "wiener roast and splash party" around the swimming pool. The women were lying in the deck chairs in their mink coats, fanning themselves, and the men were bringing them hot dogs and Martinis.

"Here you are, darling," somebody said to Gloria, handing her a drink; and then, "Oh, excuse it please, from behind you look just like my wife."

Gloria took a swift inventory of this fellow and flashed her best smile at him. "How do I look from the front?" she asked, accidentally letting one bosom pop out from under the coat.

"You look great!" he asserted, beginning to feel the magic of tropical palms and four Martinis.

Just then Joe came up.

"Joe," she said, "this gentleman is trying to ply me with liquor."

"A mistake, I'm sure," the gentleman said. "I took her for my wife."

"So did I," Joe said. "Until death do us part."

Of course, this got a big laugh, during which Gloria yakked herself out of the coat altogether, and introductions were exchanged. The young man was named Charlie. He fetched his wife from a nearby chair: Sheila. It wasn't hard to see what had caused the confusion. The two girls were almost identical: same blonde hair (doctored), same neo-Edwardian hairdo from *My Fair Lady*, same height, same shape (excellent), same mink coats. For that matter, the men were drawn on the same last too: both dark, both with weensy mustaches, both in their middle twenties.

The women got that cold, deadly look in their eyes as they sized up each other's coats.

"That's an adorable mink you have, Gloria," Sheila said.

"Why, thank you," said Gloria. "And that's a beautiful garment you're wearing—a semi-let-out azurene, isn't it?"

"Why, yes," Sheila answered, surprised. "How did you know, when yours is a let out homozygous pastel?"

"Say, you sure know your mink," Gloria said.

"I ought to," Sheila answered. "We're in the industry."

"So are we!" Gloria squealed. "Matchless Furs, Twenty-ninth Street, fourth floor."

"Charlie!" Sheila hollered. "Gloria and Joe are Matchless!"

This was the cementing bond: they were all in the fur business. Charlie said, "Matchless? Here, I got a light," and Joe delivered himself of a profound reflection on the size of the world. They sat down, forgot all about their hot dogs, and talked prices, blending, styles,

east, west, home's best

The Double Cross-up

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competition and how tough it was to make a living.

At any rate, by the end of this splash party Gloria, Joe, Sheila and Charlie were the very closest of friends. Gloria pushed Charlie into the pool, and Sheila punished her by kissing Joe, and Gloria punished her back by bending *way* over to help Charlie out of the water. It was a real grown-up, sophisticated party.

The next day they met for lunch, and afterwards they rode out to the Hialeah track in Charlie's rented convertible, adroitly exchanging partners, so that Gloria was holding hands with Charlie in the front seat and Sheila was snuggled up to Joe in the back. They won some, and lost some, and by the end of the afternoon they were only out about $100 apiece. They laughed over this all through dinner in a Chinese restaurant, and talked a lot more about the fur business. Then they went back to the Mecca Motel and took a table in the Hegira Room, which is done up like a huge Arab tent, with potted palms and a bar and a six-piece combo dressed like Arabs but playing rhumbas, tangos, mambos and sambas.

Joe danced with Sheila, and Charlie with Gloria, and after a while they weren't dancing cheek-to-cheek, they were dancing everything-to-everything. It was a couple of hours before the girls excused themselves and withdrew to powder their noses.

They did their business, of course, chattering like magpies, and then sat down at the make-up tables and started on the job of repairing their masks. It was Gloria who introduced the fatal gambit.

"Sheila," she said, while she worked on her nose, "you are just about the luckiest girl alive."

"Who, me?" Sheila said. "How come?"

"Why, that utterly celestial Charlie of yours," Gloria said. "He's the most. Of course, I don't know the half of it, if you get what I mean, but I think he's the excitingest man I've ever met." She put on a smirk that made her start over again on the lipstick. "It's a good thing we're such pals, darling, or I'd really have a yen for your boy."

"Double in spades," Sheila said. "Gloria, you are taking words right out of my mouth. That Joe of yours is so far out of this world he had me dancing on air, about a foot off the floor. What a dreamboat!"

"I guess we're both pretty lucky," Gloria said, putting on an eyebrow. "But you're luckier."

"Are you crazy?" Sheila asked. "*You're* luckier."

"Of course," Gloria said, very casually, "there would be one sure way of finding out who is *really* luckier."

"I'm sure I can't imagine what you mean," Sheila said, all innocence.

"Well, I just thought, our rooms are only four doors apart, and it's awfully dark along that side, and a girl with a few drinks under her girdle could get all mixed up and pile into the wrong bed. And if one girl could, so could two."

"But Gloria!" Sheila objected. "That would be highly immoral, and anyway they would find us out. And I *know* that my Charlie would never consent to sleep with another woman, not even with his best friend's wife."

"How are they going to find us out?" Gloria asked. "We're about the same build and we could pull the sheet way up, so all they can see is the top of our heads. If you have to talk, whisper – all whispers sound the same. And Joe goes right to sleep afterwards – how about Charlie?"

"Out like a light," Sheila reported.

"So you see?" Gloria said. "Nothing could go wrong, and later we could tell each other who was luckier."

"It sounds like fun," Sheila admitted, "but I don't see how we could work it."

"Easy," Gloria said. "The boys are getting steamed up and also plastered. All we have to do is to find some excuse to leave the bar a few minutes before they do. But we got to coordinate. Do you sleep raw?"

"Well, no," Sheila said. "That is, not unless ——"

"Neither do I," Gloria interrupted. "So that makes it perfect. When they find us *au nature*, as they say in French, good old *nature* is bound to take its course."

"I guess so," said Sheila, all excited now. "Then the boys go rockabye and we sneak back to where we belong."

"Exactly!" Gloria exclaimed. "Now let's put on each other's perfume, and while we're doing it, tell me, when you and Charlie – well, you know – are there any little gimmicks – I mean, so they don't catch on ——"

"Well, yes," Sheila said, giggling, as they exchanged bottles, "there's one thing Charlie loves me to do just when ——"

But, in deference to the U. S. Post Office, the remainder of this conversation must remain unreported.

Pretty soon the girls returned to the Hegira Room. They danced a few more Moslem mambos; and then, just after the men had ordered a couple of double Cuba Libres, Gloria made with a big yawn and said:

"I don't know about you, Sheila, but I'm for the sack."

"Me too," Sheila said. "I'm bushed."

"Aw, c'mon," Charlie said. "The party's just beginning."

"Just beginning!" Sheila exclaimed. "We been on our feet since 10 A.M. this morning, and now it's midnight."

"But we just got these drinks," Joe objected.

"Don't worry about it," Gloria said. "We can find our way home. You drink your drinks and come along when you're ready. And don't put on the light, in case I'm asleep."

"You neither," Sheila said to Charlie.

So the girls traipsed out, twitching their butts so as to direct the minds of their husbands into the proper channels.

"That's funny," Joe said. "Usually I have to drag her home."

"Same here," Charlie said. He caught a final glimpse of Sheila's oscillating bottom, and a thought occurred to him.

"Joe," he said, "I believe maybe our wives are expecting a little attention tonight, you know what I mean?"

"Uh-oh," said Joe.

"What do you mean, 'uh-oh'?" Charlie asked in amazement. "With that dish of yours?"

"Well, Charlie, if I wasn't half crocked I wouldn't tell you this," Joe said. "But that dish is made up entirely of cold cuts."

"I can't believe it!" Charlie exclaimed, thinking of a few tender incidents at the races.

"It's a fact," Joe declared. "Dead. Unresponsive. No oomph. Gefüllte fish without the horseradish."

"Joe," Charlie said gravely, "in that case you got my sympathy. You are talking to a man who knows all about it."

"What?" Joe cried. "You too? Sheila? But man, that girl's a fireball!" He too was recalling a few inflammatory moments.

"I'm *telling* you," Charlie said. "All day, a fireball; in bed, a meatball. You wouldn't believe it."

"No, I wouldn't," Joe said. "But I know one thing. Whatever problem you got, I got it worse."

"On this you could lose money," Charlie said. "Any amount you would like to put up."

"This would be a great bet," Joe said, "if there were any way of proving it one way or the other."

And then Charlie looked at Joe, and Joe looked at Charlie, and each of them knew that the other was thinking just what *he* was thinking.

"After all, we're both men of the world," Joe ventured.

"No, it wouldn't work," Charlie said.

"Why not?" Joe asked. "The girls are in there waiting – all we got to do is play it right."

"That's just it," Charlie said. "Sheila would never let some other guy into bed with her. You walk in and she starts screaming."

"Not if she thinks it's you," Joe said, beginning to get worked up over

(concluded on page 62)

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PHOTOGRAPH BY MORTON SHAPIRO

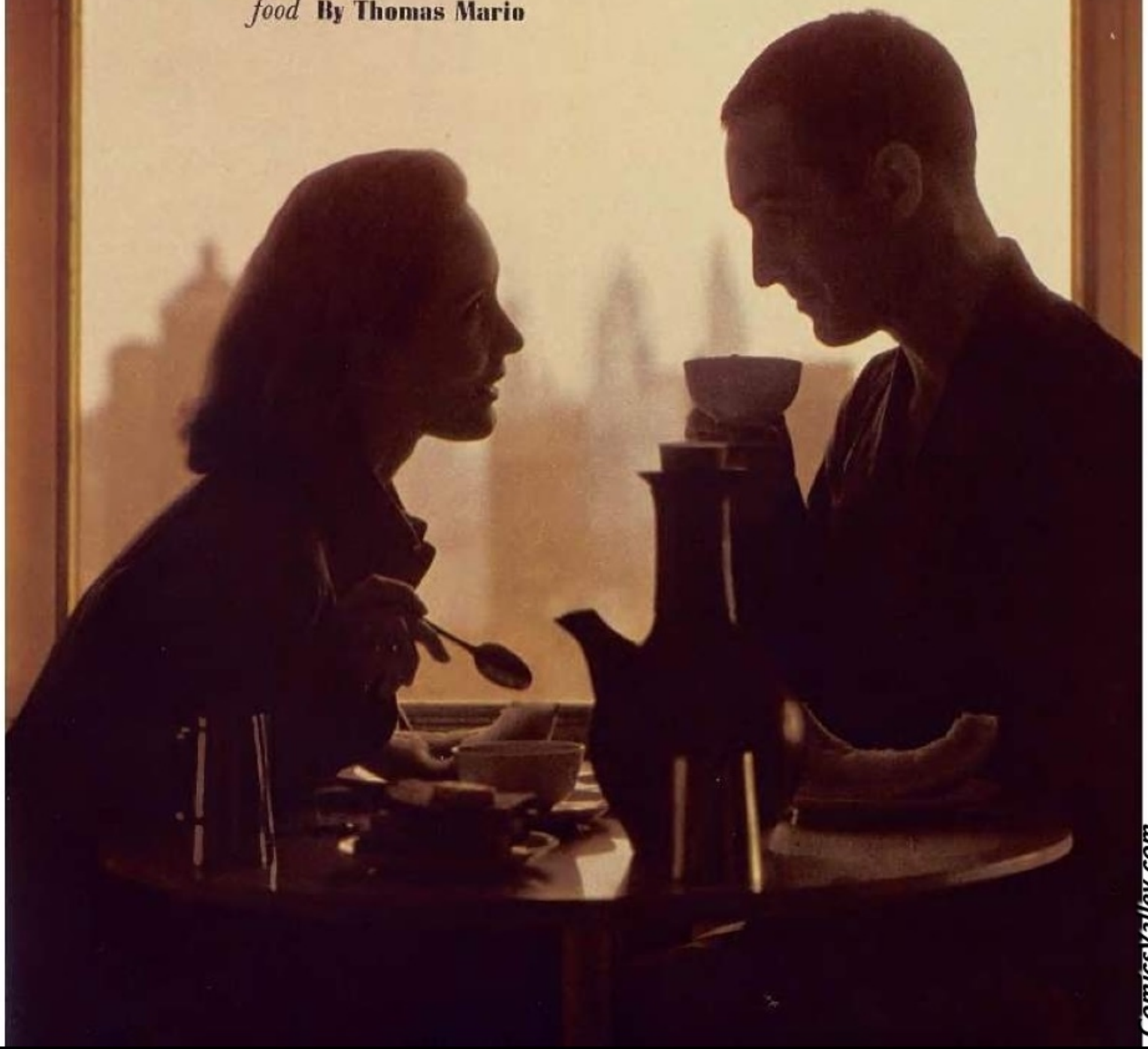
morning menus for two

THE BREAKING OF THE FAST

TO BE A SUCCESSFUL breakfast chef, you need three starting ingredients. First of all, you need a lazy Sunday or other holiday. It's never been possible for a man with a briefcase in one hand and a timetable in the other to do justice to grilled buttered salt mackerel or glossy soft scrambled eggs.

(Even on a lazy Sunday, though, we'd like to urge you to come to the breakfast table physically and mentally ready for this most important occasion. Thus, even on a hangover morning, we urge that you shave and shower before sitting down to the table. This will freshen your spirits and stimulate your appetite. If you're one of those slow starters in the morning, or if last night's revelry has left its mark on you, the morale-building shave and shower will help. You *may* want to precede them, of course, with an ice-cold glass of juice — if the night be-

food **By Thomas Mario**



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fore has been a spiritous as well as a spirited one, we recommend tomato juice liberally enlivened with Worcestershire sauce and a dash of Tabasco or that Deep South delight, Louisiana Hot Sauce. In any case, on a fine, bright June day you'll be a better breakfast companion all neatened up and in fresh PJs and crisp robe.)

Then, you need a woman. Not just any woman. She must be that pleasure-loving sort of pagan who wakes up hungry. And she must understand that the one thing you do *not* do in bed is eat breakfast. It's not only affected – it's impractical.

Hypercriticism is the third prerequisite in learning the art of breakfast cookery. You've simply got to be a congenital autocrat, determined that when you sit down at the morning table the cream will be sweeter, the eggs fresher and the coffee coffee-er than they've ever been before.

Take, for instance, the problem of getting a glass of cold, freshly-squeezed orange juice. Too often it's not a glassful, it's a thimbleful. It's not cold, it's as tepid as the glass of beer left on the terrace table from last night's party. It's not fresh, it's canned or frozen. Even if the oranges *are* fresh, there are things to watch out for: at this time of year, the Florida crop is petering out and the California navels are giving way to the new valencias. If the valencias are still watery and vinegary, by all means avoid them. Later on, in the full bloom of summer, they'll be sweet and rich. A few of the luscious, green-skinned Floridas from late-bearing trees may be around and their flavor is simply wonderful if you can get them. Tell your fruit vendor you'll take the California navels even if they're somewhat arid and expensive.

Assuming you get the right oranges, you must learn the gentle art of squeezing. Cut the oranges in half with a fruit knife made of ceramic, silver or stainless steel (kitchen knives of ordinary steel will react chemically to the acid in the fruit and affect the flavor). Press the halves, don't gouge them. Don't force them against the reamer until the bitter oil of the orange rind seeps into the juice. Don't force the juice through a strainer so fine that the liquid comes out looking like something that belongs in a specimen bottle. Use a wire or metal strainer of medium mesh so that the little golden shreds of goodness remain floating in the nectar. Avoid the older, too-fast electric juicers which aerated the juice and ground the pits, making the result bitter and unpleasantly foamy.

To appreciate the possibilities of a fruit tableau in the morning, a man must go to Jamaica, British West Indies, for his breakfast. The Jamaicans will set up your breakfast table on a veranda overlooking the smoothest and bluest part of the Caribbean. Before you begin to talk about eggs or oatmeal or fish, a waiter will bring you a 10-ounce goblet of orange juice, squeezed from native fruit delivered fresh each morning. And then, as you taste the juice with its faint bouquet, and as your sleep-blurred eyes gradually come into focus, you'll behold a big platter filled with sliced papaya melon and wedges of lime, fleshy ripe mangoes smoother and livelier than any fruit you've ever tasted, slices of pineapple so sweet you'd never dream of offending them with sugar and those green-skinned bananas that are a kind of liqueur in solid form.

The trouble with so many fruit bowls, and platters in this country is that they look like dusty still lifes. You don't want to reach out for an orange because you simply don't want to go through the labor of peeling it. You avoid the grapes because you don't want to destroy the untouched cluster. You shun the big Georgia Belle peach because there's no place to dump the pit.

When you assemble your own fruit platter for breakfast, it should be so set up that you can't resist wading into it. The ripe honeydew melon should be cut into wedges that can be eaten either with fork or fingers. The Thompson seedless grapes should be cut into small clusters that fit easily into the palm of your hand. The pineapple should be like wine in its ripeness, just this side of overripeness, and should be sliced with every trace of skin and eye removed. Or it may be cut into chunks with hors d'oeuvre toothpicks jabbed into each morsel. Mangoes – if you can get them in your neighborhood – should be peeled flower fashion, just waiting for the spoon. Fruits like peaches, nectarines or Bartlett pears should be peeled with pits and core removed and cut into large wedges. To keep such fruits from turning brown on the platter, steep them in orange juice or pineapple juice until they are served. Any ripe fruit in season goes. Make the platter really lavish and overflowing. Have a bowl of superfine granulated sugar nearby. Oversize napkins and finger bowls should be provided for cleaning up after the feast.

The best thing about eggs for breakfast is their friendly, come-hither look. You may not be the kind of man who shoots out of bed like a comet. But when you see a plate of superbly fried eggs, what the Germans so aptly call *spiegeleier* or mirror eggs, you see one of the loveliest visions man's eyes have ever beheld. But the vision doesn't just happen. Again, you must be an unreconstructed culinary crank to do well by this ordinary egg dish.

A serious egg chef will positively refuse to go to work unless he has the right frying pan. If he's old fashioned, he'll use a thin iron frying pan which is reserved exclusively for eggs and never washed but merely wiped dry after each use. To squeamish souls who think the pan may not be sanitary, it must be pointed out that the heat of the fat in the frying pan is way above that of boiling water and will kill any possible bacteria present. Unfortunately, you can't buy these pans in the ordinary household store these days. A restaurant supply house will have them, but you'll have to heat them, half filled with oil and salt, over a very hot flame or in a very hot oven until they're properly "seasoned," that is, until they turn black.

Of other egg pans, the best type is the cast aluminum with a satin finish. If eggs should tend to stick to this pan, put a few tablespoons of vegetable fat into it. Heat the pan until the fat smokes. Throw off the fat. Wipe the pan clean without washing. Then add butter and fry your eggs over a low flame. Remember: long cooking or too high a flame toughens eggs prepared in *any* form. If you're making fried eggs, and the bottom of the eggs tends to get done before the top is set, you might add a teaspoon or two of water to the pan and then cover it with a lid. The gold of the yolks, however, will tend to become glazed when you do this. If you want the tops of the eggs to cook quickly, you can place the eggs under a broiler flame. But the truly fastidious egg fryer will insist on using the lowest possible flame and wait for the top and bottom to be finished simultaneously, thus avoiding the leathery undercrust.

The great big secret about scrambled eggs is not to use any secret ingredient. Any alleged breakfast gourmet who adds milk or cream or grated cheese to scrambled eggs before they go into the pan should study his elementary cooking over again. Nature never intended that man should add anything but butter, salt and pepper. Add the butter in two stages. One lump before the two beaten eggs go into the pan (a lump means two measuring teaspoons) – then stir and don't stop stirring until the eggs are done – and, just as the eggs coagulate, with your free hand add the second lump of butter. This will make the eggs glossy. Take them off the fire while they're still soft but not soupy. On the plate you may place such honorable bystanders as broiled sweet smoky bacon, grilled ham, thinly sliced smoked salmon or Yarmouth bloaters.

If by any chance you're a Scotsman or the son of a Scot, you'll probably be as passionate about your morning bowl of porridge as you were about last night's

(continued on page 72)

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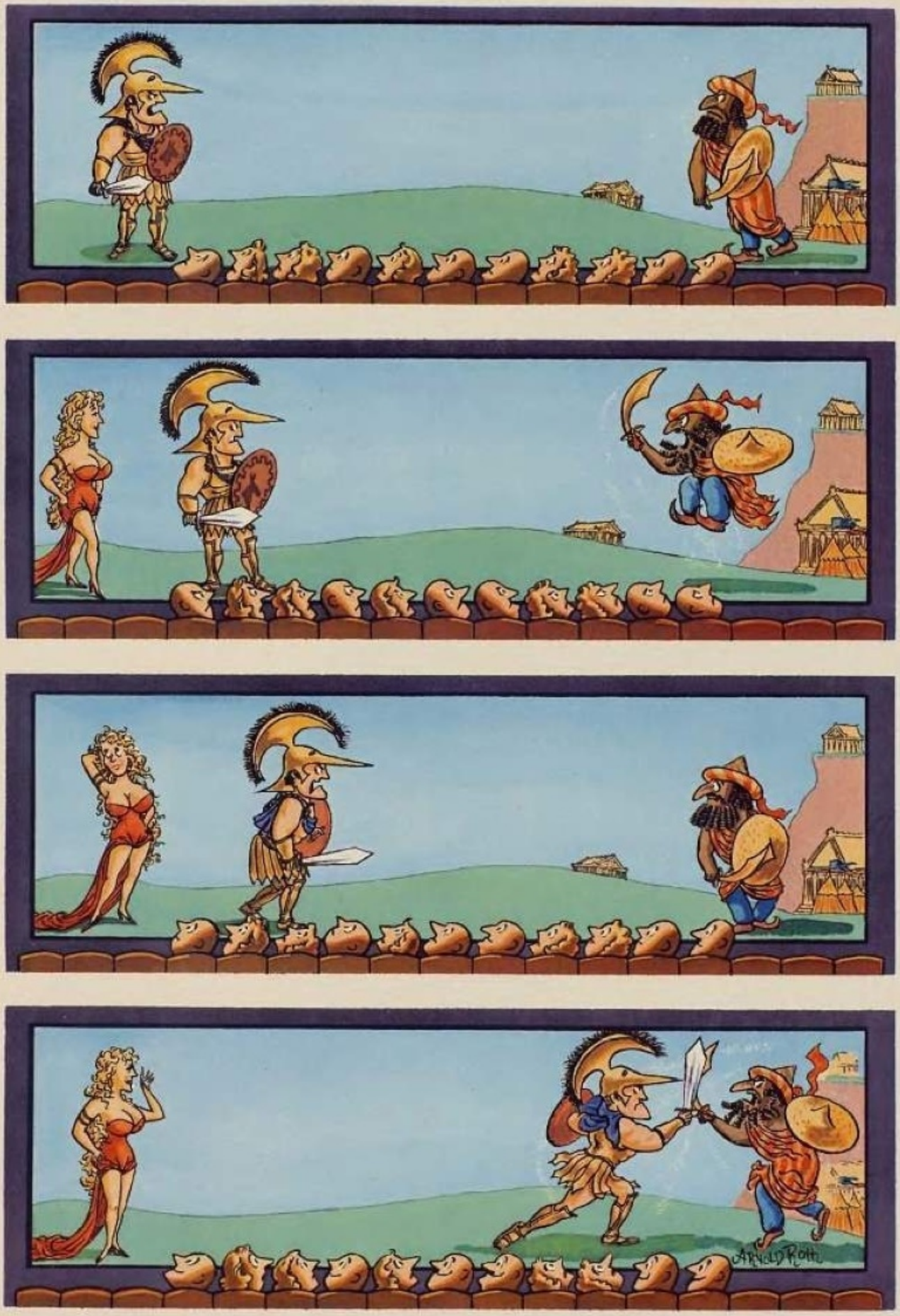

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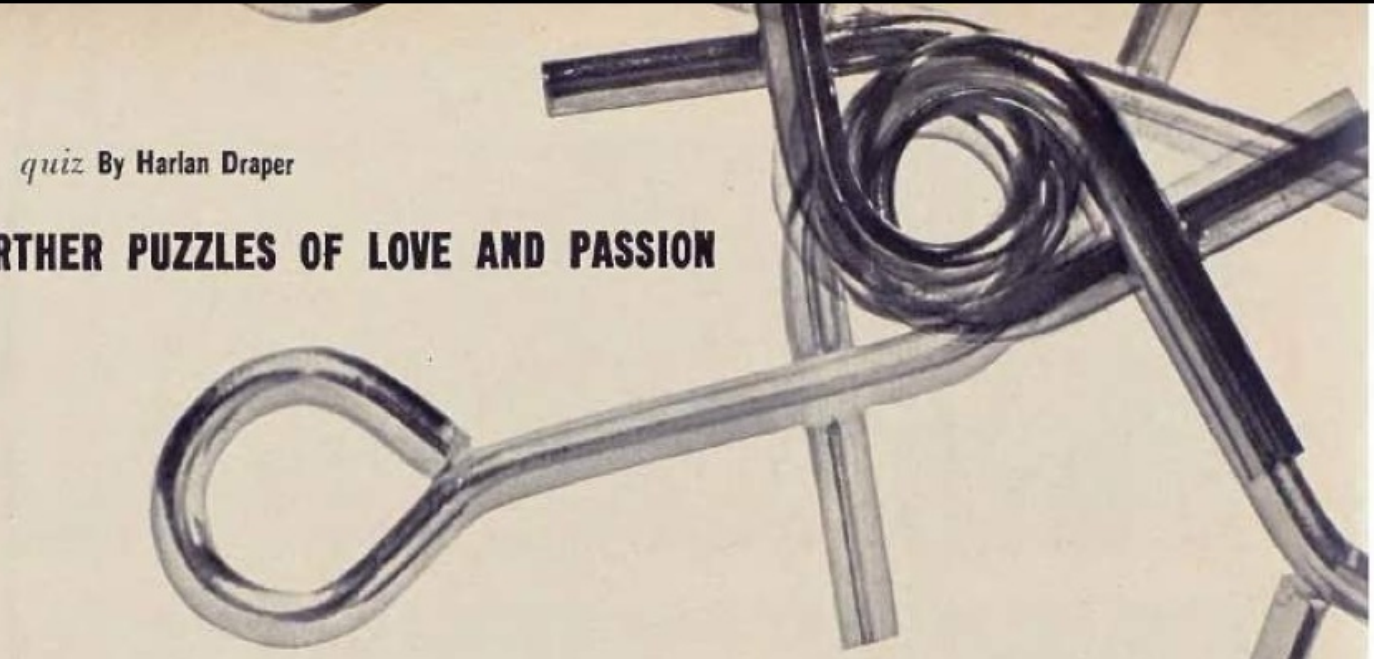
quiz By Harlan Draper

FURTHER PUZZLES OF LOVE AND PASSION



in which cupid's shafts attain the shape of question marks

MARITAL MACHINATIONS

VICTOR AND VIVIAN adored each other exceedingly and, additionally, were mature sophisticates. It would be correct, therefore, to assume that they did not let their being married interfere with their enjoyment of each other's company — even though they weren't married to each other. Being of vigorous dispositions they had, in fact, worked out a discreet daily rendezvous which went like this:

In the morning, when Vivian's husband went to work, she waited a while and then called him at his office on the pretext of wishing him good day (she was a late sleeper — as so many fulfilled women are — and never saw him before evening, except on weekends). Once satisfied that he was, indeed, at his desk, she hopped in the car, drove to an appointed street corner, picked up her paramour, and drove him at a moderate, uniform rate of speed (they couldn't afford to be involved in an accident) to her house, where they did what came naturally to both of them. Later (after a hearty luncheon of black caviar with grated onion and chopped hard-boiled egg, washed down with iced vintage champagne) she drove Victor back to *his* office, where he attacked the day's labors relaxed and refreshed. The routine never varied — Victor and Vivian were punctual to a fault.

Except for one Monday. Vivian's husband had been rude enough to develop a cold the previous midweek and had remained at home, where Vivian danced murderously courteous attendance upon him. Thus the lovers were deprived of their pleasure for five days. On Monday morning the despised husband went to work as usual and Vivian at once notified Victor that their accustomed meeting would be held at the accustomed time and place and that she would start out at the accustomed hour. He, poor chap, by this time was the victim of considerable psycho-sexual pressure — so much so, in fact, that he left the rendezvous street corner exactly one hour earlier than the designated meeting time and started walking toward Vivian's house, knowing that she always followed the same route and that they would thus meet somewhere along the way. And so they did, and promptly turned around and proceeded to Vivian's duplex, where they arrived exactly 15 minutes earlier than they would have if he'd met her as planned. To their dismay, her husband confronted them. A morbidly suspicious man, he had hired detectives to provide him full details of his wife's perfidy. But his excess of self-righteousness was too much on top of his recent illness and he fell down dead.

Later, Vivian received the bill from the detective agency. Understandably predisposed against it, she found some of the charges exorbitant, particularly the one for the detective who followed Victor on that crucial morning.

"I'm sure they're overcharging us, dear," Vivian said. "He only followed you from our usual meeting place to where I picked you up. How long did it take you to walk that far?"

"Figure it out for yourself," said Victor, who had grown restive of late, "I've got an appointment." And he was out the door.

Perhaps you will be a little kinder to our bereaved widow and come up with the answer for her.

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A BRIMMING SAGA

It is, from time to time, an author's sad duty to report an event with veracity at the cost of distressing readers. Such, alas, is the unadorned story of unrequited love recounted herewith.

No one could have been happier at heart than Harry when he and Marylin — a gorgeous doll with whom he'd been able to make no time whatever, despite many days in her company on a cruise ship, during which he'd plied her with the three Bs, i.e., blandishments, booze, bijous — were shipwrecked on a desert island. Just the two of them.

"You know," said Harry, when they'd swum ashore with nothing to sustain them but a canister of fresh water, "we'll probably die of hunger or thirst before we're rescued. While we have our strength, wouldn't it be the sensible thing to taste of the pleasures our short lives still have in store for us? *So come 'ere!*"

"Down, boy — down!" said Marylin. "Not so fast. In days of old, knights performed feats to win fair damsels and for old time's sake I think I'll ask the same of you."

Harry got his tongue back in his mouth and gamely asked her to name it. "OK," she said, "here's this cylindrical can full of water. Since it won't last us long anyway, I'll ask you to kindly pour out half of it — but *exactly*, mathematically, half. There's a way to do it, if you know how, as I do, but it's not my intention to tell you. So start figuring; I'm going to take a nap."

Harry started figuring. He had nothing to measure with. He sat there as the sun went down and he thought and thought all through the starry night. At dawn, he cried "Eureka!" (for old time's sake) because he had the solution. But then he just cried, because a rescue vessel touched the beach as he wakened Marylin to claim her as his prize.

Once aboard, Marylin asked, "What's the procedure?"

He parried with, "If I tell you will you yield?"

"No," she said, "this ain't no desert island, Bub, and those ole desert-island rules don't hold."

We told you this was a sad story. Now you tell us Harry's method.

AN OXONIAN TRAGEDY

Shakespeare it was who said the course of true love never runs without a modicum of turbulence, and such was the case with the passion that briefly flamed between Peter and Wendy. They loved each other madly that fine spring when she came up from London to visit him at his digs in Oxford. But he, fickle swain, soon tired of her endearments for, to put it bluntly, he doubted he could ever give her all she wanted. In fact, when fellow scholars would stop him on the common and greet him with the usual Oxonian (or is it Cantabridgian?) query, "You gettin' any, boy?" he would answer with a weak grin, the while wishing he weren't getting quite so much.

It befell one day that while poring over manuscripts in the library of his collegium, Peter happened on *An American Tragedy*, by the late Theodore Dreiser, the story, you recall, of a youth who plotted to rid himself of an *enciente* lass by submerging her in a lake on which they'd be boating. When Peter dug this tale, he sat back in thought and then, just like in those quaint Ameddican comic strips, a light bulb appeared over his head with the word "idea" in it. Next morning he invited Wendy to go punting on the Thames. Once aboard, he punted strongly upcurrent and passed under a bridge. One mile further on, as he passed under the next bridge, he urged Wendy to lean over the side and glance at her reflection in the water. As she did so, he thwacked her smartly on the noggin with the punt pole and over she went.

Peter kept right on punting, but now misgivings stirred within him. "What, will these hands never be clean?" he asked himself and, more to the point, "Maybe I was hasty — I have no other doll lined up yet." So, after continuing on his way from the second, or fateful, bridge for 10 minutes, he turned 'round and punted with equal energy downstream, overtaking Wendy's limp form just as it drifted under the first bridge. There he tenderly hauled her back into the punt, revived her and, as she opened her eyes, asked her (since he figured she ought to know from recent personal experience) the same question we're going to ask you, to wit: "What was the speed of the current?"

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES ON PAGE 78

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where to bet your bottom dollar

WHITE'S RIGHT

EVER ON THE ALERT for the good and the new — and ever on guard to distinguish fad from fashion — we predict a trend on which we unequivocally put our stamp of approval. This summer, say we, white trousers will be sported by those who know. Slacks or shorts, white's going to be the bottom for some of the best-looking outfits you'll see.

A rousing switch from drab winter grays and too-relaxed chinos, white trousers not only bespeak summer immediately, but also boast the added advantage of swinging from big social doings to the most casual goings-on with the greatest of ease. When a jacket is called for, white slacks couple up perfectly with brass-buttoned navy blue, a throwback to turn-of-the-century boating parties at Newport, but that isn't, by any means, the beginning or end of what to wear to top them. They're just as matey with madras and pal up nicely with deep-toned linen jackets or handsomely striped blazers. Just about the only apparel item with which they're not perfectly companionable is a light-toned cord jacket. Fact is, it's always best to join your white bottoms with a darker top, whatever it might be. Many guys in the know use the complete photo-negative approach and wear black for the upper story, with navy blue and fire-engine red as close seconds. The coalition of contrasts not only makes more of a point of the pants, but also comes through as a better get-up. On the more relaxed side of the picture, team your white with dark-colored sport shirts in good-looking stripes, checks or small overall patterns; or any one of the flocks of lightweight knits and pull-overs make good running mates, too.

Your choice of weights and weaves in white pants runs to a nice variety: linen, flannel, duck, cotton and synthetic blends galore. Most trousers are a pure white, but you can't go wrong with a thin hairline stripe thrown in — deep red, black or navy. Whichever material you light on and whatever length you lean toward is strictly a matter of personal preference. But the long and the short of it is — do it up white.

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attire

By Blake Rutherford

PHOTOGRAPHED BY RICHARD LITWIN

On the port page: the guy at the helm sports hairline-striped slacks, about $13, topped with a navy blue flannel blazer, about $40, both by Chester Laurie. The brashly-striped button-down is a Van Heusen, about $5. Topside: the lad on the left is decked out in duck trousers by Chester Laurie, about $13, and an orlon pull-over shirt by Dee. His buddy's garb: linen slacks by Corbin, about $19, plus a summerweight, fine-striped orlon sweater by Robert Bruce, about $9.

On deck, left: eminently shipshape for voyagers or landlubbers, navy-striped cotton walk shorts, pleatless, by Corbin, about $14. The pure silk shirt is by Bronzini, about $18. Aloft: white wool flannel walk shorts, by Dunlee, about $17, coupled with a blue India madras jacket by Chester Laurie, about $30. His silk shirt is by Bronzini, about $18.

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FLY *(continued from page 22)*

sanity. That evident flaw in Helene's stonewall defense seemed a crack which the Commissaire might possibly enlarge. But my sister-in-law finally cemented it by acknowledging:

"All right, I lied to you. I did use the hammer twice. But do not ask me why, because I cannot tell you."

"Is that your only . . . misstatement, Madame Delambre?" had asked the Commissaire, trying to follow up what looked at last like an advantage.

"It is . . . and you know it, Monsieur le Commissaire."

And, annoyed, Charas had seen that Helene could read him like an open book.

I had thought of calling on the Commissaire, but the knowledge that he would inevitably start questioning Henri made me hesitate. Another reason also made me hesitate, a vague sort of fear that he would look for and find the fly Henri had talked of. And that annoyed me a good deal because I could find no satisfactory explanation for that particular fear.

Andre was definitely not the absent-minded sort of professor who walks about in pouring rain with a rolled umbrella under his arm. He was human, had a keen sense of humor, loved children and animals and could not bear to see anyone suffer. I had often seen him drop his work to watch a parade of the local fire brigade, or see the *Tour de France* cyclists go by, or even follow a circus parade all around the village. He liked games of logic and precision, such as billiards and tennis, bridge and chess.

How was it then possible to explain his death? What could have made him put his head under that hammer? It could hardly have been the result of some stupid bet or a test of his courage. He hated betting and had no patience with those who indulged in it. Whenever he heard a bet proposed, he would invariably remind all present that, after all, a bet was but a contract between a fool and a swindler, even if it turned out to be a toss-up as to which was which.

It seemed there were only two possible explanations to Andre's death. Either he had gone mad, or else he had a reason for letting his wife kill him in such a strange and terrible way. And just what could have been his wife's role in all this? They surely could not have been both insane?

Having finally decided not to tell Charas about my nephew's innocent revelations, I thought I myself would try to question Helene.

She seemed to have been expecting my visit for she came into the parlor almost as soon as I had made myself known to the matron and been allowed inside.

"I wanted to show you my garden," explained Helene as I looked at the coat slung over her shoulders.

As one of the "reasonable" inmates, she was allowed to go into the garden during certain hours of the day. She had asked for and obtained the right to a little patch of ground where she could grow flowers, and I had sent her seeds and some rosebushes out of my garden.

She took me straight to a rustic wooden bench which had been made in the men's workshop and only just set up under a tree close to her little patch of ground.

Searching for the right way to broach the subject of Andre's death, I sat for a while tracing vague designs on the ground with the end of my umbrella.

"Francois, I want to ask you something," said Helene after a while.

"Anything I can do for you, Helene?"

"No, just something I want to know. Do flies live very long?"

Staring at her, I was about to say that her boy had asked the very same question a few hours earlier when I suddenly realized that here was the opening I had been searching for and perhaps even the possibility of striking a great blow, a blow perhaps powerful enough to shatter her stonewall defense, be it sane or insane.

Watching her carefully, I replied:

"I don't really know, Helene; but the fly you were looking for was in my study this morning."

No doubt about it I had struck a shattering blow. She swung her head round with such force that I heard the bones crack in her neck. She opened her mouth, but said not a word; only her eyes seemed to be screaming with fear.

Yes, it was evident that I had crashed through something, but what? Undoubtedly, the Commissaire would have known what to do with such an advantage; I did not. All I knew was that he would never have given her time to think, to recuperate, but all I could do, and even that was a strain, was to maintain my best poker-face, hoping against hope that Helene's defenses would go on crumbling.

She must have been quite a while without breathing, because she suddenly gasped and put both her hands over her still open mouth.

"Francois . . . Did you kill it?" she whispered, her eyes no longer fixed, but searching every inch of my face.

"No."

"You have it then . . . You have it on you! Give it to me!" she almost shouted touching me with both her hands, and I knew that had she felt strong enough, she would have tried to search me.

"No, Helene, I haven't got it."

"But you know now . . . You have guessed, haven't you?"

"No, Helene. I only know one thing, and that is that you are not insane. But I mean to know all Helene and, somehow, I am going to find out. You can choose: either you tell me everything and I'll see what is to be done, or . . ."

"Oh what? Say it!"

"I was going to say it, Helene . . . or I assure you that your friend the Commissaire will have that fly first thing tomorrow morning."

She remained quite still, looking down at the palms of her hands on her lap and, although it was getting chilly, her forehead and hands were moist.

Without even brushing aside a wisp of long brown hair blown across her mouth by the breeze, she murmured:

"If I tell you . . . will you promise to destroy that fly before doing anything else?"

"No, Helene. I can make no such promise before knowing."

"But Francois, you must understand. I promised Andre that fly would be destroyed. That promise must be kept and I can say nothing until it is."

I could sense the deadlock ahead. I was not yet losing ground, but I was losing the initiative. I tried a shot in the dark:

"Helene, of course you understand that as soon as the police examine that fly, they will know that you are not insane, and then . . ."

"Francois, no! For Henri's sake! Don't you see? I was expecting that fly; I was hoping it would find me here but it couldn't know what had become of me. What else could it do but go to others it loves, to Henri, to you . . . you who might know and understand what was to be done!"

Was she really mad, or was she simulating again? But mad or not, she was cornered. Wondering how to follow up and how to land the knockout blow without running the risk of seeing her slip away out of reach, I said very quietly:

"Tell me all, Helene. I can then protect your boy."

"Protect my boy from what? Don't you understand that if I am here, it is merely so that Henri won't be the son of a woman who was guillotined for having murdered his father? Don't you understand that I would by far prefer the guillotine to the living death of this lunatic asylum?"

"I understand Helene, and I'll do my best for the boy whether you tell me or not. If you refuse to tell me, I'll still do the best I can to protect Henri, but you must understand that the game will be out of my hands, because Commissaire Charas will have the fly."

"But why must you know?" said, rather

(continued overleaf)

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"I wonder if the earth satellite is going to have men on it . . ."

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FLY *(continued from page 36)*

than asked, my sister-in-law, struggling to control her temper.

"Because I must and will know how and why my brother died, Helene."

"All right. Take me back to the . . . house. I'll give you what your Commissaire would call my 'Confession.'"

"Do you mean to say that you have written it!"

"Yes. It was not really meant for you, but more likely for *your friend*, the Commissaire. I had foreseen that, sooner or later, he would get too close to the truth."

"You then have no objection to his reading it?"

"You will act as you think fit, Francois. Wait for me a minute."

Leaving me at the door of the parlor, Helene ran upstairs to her room. In less than a minute she was back with a large brown envelope.

"Listen Francois; you are not nearly as bright as was your poor brother, but you are not unintelligent. All I ask is that you read this alone. After that, you may do as you wish."

"That I promise you, Helene," I said taking the precious envelope. "I'll read it tonight and although tomorrow is not a visiting day, I'll come down to see you."

"Just as you like," said my sister-in-law without even saying good-bye as she went back upstairs.

* * *

It was only on reaching home, as I walked from the garage to the house, that I read the inscription on the envelope:

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

(Probably Commissaire Charas)

Having told the servants that I would have only a light supper to be served immediately in my study and that I was not to be disturbed after, I ran upstairs, threw Helene's envelope on my desk and made another careful search of the room before closing the shutters and drawing the curtains. All I could find was a long since dead mosquito stuck to the wall near the ceiling.

Having motioned to the servant to put her tray down on a table by the fireplace, I poured myself a glass of wine and locked the door behind her. I then disconnected the telephone—I always did this now at night—and turned out all the lights but the lamp on my desk.

Slitting open Helene's fat envelope, I extracted a thick wad of closely written pages. I read the following lines neatly centered in the middle of the top page:

This is not a confession because, although I killed my husband, I am not a murderess. I simply and very faithfully carried out his last wish by crushing his head and right arm under the steam-hammer of his brother's factory.

Without even touching the glass of wine by my elbow, I turned the page and started reading.

* * *

For very nearly a year before his death *(the manuscript began)*, my husband had told me of some of his experiments. He knew full well that his colleagues of the Air Ministry would have forbidden some of them as too dangerous, but he was keen on obtaining positive results before reporting his discovery.

Whereas only sound and pictures had been, so far, transmitted through space by radio and television, Andre claimed to have discovered a way of transmitting matter. Matter, any solid object, placed in his "transmitter" was instantly disintegrated and reintegrated in a special receiving set.

Andre considered his discovery as perhaps the most important since that of the wheel sawn off the end of a tree trunk. He reckoned that the transmission of matter by instantaneous "disintegration-reintegration" would completely change life as we had known it so far. It would mean the end of all means of transport, not only of goods including food, but also of human beings. Andre, the practical scientist who never allowed theories or daydreams to get the better of him, already foresaw the time when there would no longer be any airplanes, ships, trains or cars and, therefore, no longer any roads or railway lines, ports, airports or stations. All that would be replaced by matter-transmitting and receiving stations throughout the world. Travelers and goods would be placed in special cabins and, at a given signal, would simply disappear and reappear almost immediately at the chosen receiving station.

Andre's receiving set was only a few feet away from his transmitter, in an adjoining room of his laboratory, and he at first ran into all sorts of snags. His first successful experiment was carried out with an ash tray taken from his desk, a souvenir we had brought back from a trip to London.

That was the first time he told me about his experiments and I had no idea of what he was talking about the day he came dashing into the house and threw the ash tray in my lap.

"Helene, look! For a fraction of a second, a bare 10-millionth of a second, that ash tray has been completely disintegrated. For one little moment it no longer existed! Gone! Nothing left, absolutely nothing! Only atoms traveling through space at the speed of light! And the moment after, the atoms were once more gathered together in the shape of an ash tray!"

"Andre, please . . . please! What on earth are you raving about?"

He started sketching all over a letter I had been writing. He laughed at my wry face, swept all my letters off the table and said:

"You don't understand? Right. Let's start all over again. Helene, do you remember I once read you an article about the mysterious flying stones that seem to come from nowhere in particular, and which are said to occasionally fall in certain houses in India? They come flying in as though thrown from outside and that, in spite of closed doors and windows."

"Yes, I remember. I also remember that Professior Augier, your friend of the College de France, who had come down for a few days, remarked that if there was no trickery about it, the only possible explanation was that the stones had been distintegrated after having been thrown from outside, come through the walls, and then been reintegrated before hitting the floor or the opposite walls."

"That's right. And I added that there was, of course, one other possibility, namely the momentary and partial disintegration of the walls as the stone or stones came through."

"Yes, Andre. I remember all that, and I suppose you also remember that I failed to understand, and that you got quite annoyed. Well, I still do not understand why and how, even disintegrated, stones should be able to come through a wall or a closed door."

"But it is possible, Helene, because the atoms that go to make up matter are not close together like the bricks of a wall. They are separated by relative immensities of space."

"Do you mean to say that you have disintegrated that ash tray, and then put it together again after pushing it through something?"

"Precisely, Helene. I projected it through the wall that separates my transmitter from my receiving set."

"And would it be foolish to ask how humanity is to benefit from ash trays that can go through walls?"

Andre seemed quite offended, but he soon saw that I was only teasing and again waxing enthusiastic, he told me of some of the possibilities of his discovery.

"Isn't it wonderful, Helene?" he finally gasped, out of breath.

"Yes, Andre. But I hope you won't ever transmit me; I'd be too much afraid of coming out at the other end like your ash tray."

"What do you mean?"

"Do you remember what was written under that ash tray?"

"Yes, of course: MADE IN JAPAN. That

(continued on page 16)

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PLAYBOY'S STAGE DOOR PLAYMATE

a fair filly from philly tries her luck on the great white way

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DESMOND RUSSELL

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A drama workshop director analyzes Carrie's scene assignment.

WIDE-EYED HOPEFULS from the hinterland incessantly batter the bastions of Broadway, determined, if need be, to follow to the letter Walter Huston's advice: "If you don't get anywhere by pounding your fists on the doors of producers' offices – use your head." One such pretty pounder is flame-topped Carrie Radison of Philadelphia who, although she tells us she won't be 19 until November, has had her eye on that dressing-room star for some time. She made her dramatic debut at the age of 10 in summer stock in Minnesota and sang choral parts with the New York City Center Opera Company at 13. Behind her now is some TV work, as well as bit parts in films *(Rock, Rock, Rock* and *Last Night in New York),* but her real love is that odd room with the missing wall which is called The Stage. She shook a lithe leg in the chorus line of *Wish You Were Here* and recently played the feminine lead in an off-Broadway production of a Renaissance farce. It's a long, tough climb to the top, but there are plenty of good times along the way–exciting things to do . . . places to see . . . people to meet. And what could be more exciting for an earnest aspirant like Carrie than bowing in as our boudoir Playmate for June?

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PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The curvy little coed in the tight-fitting cashmere sweater wiggled up to the professor after class and murmured in a honeyed voice, "I'm afraid I didn't do very well on that quiz today, Professor. But I'll do anything to pass this course. Just *anything*."

The professor raised an eyebrow. "Anything?"

"Uh huh," she cooed. "Anything you ask."

"Then study," he said dryly.

Then there was the middle-aged business man who took his spouse to Paris. After traipsing with her from one *maison du couture* to another, he begged for a day off to rest and got it. With the wife gone shopping again, he went to the Ritz Bar and picked up a luscious Parisienne. They got on well until the question of money came up. She wanted 50 American dollars; he offered 10. They couldn't get together on the price, so they didn't get together. That evening he escorted his wife to one of the nicer restaurants on the Rue de Rivoli and there he spotted his gorgeous babe of the afternoon seated at a table near the door.

"See, monsieur?" she said, as they passed her. "Look what you got for your lousy 10 bucks."

The jealous husband returned home from a business trip a day early and discovering a strange coat in the front closet, stormed into the living room with the accusation that there was another man in the apartment.

"Where is he?" the husband demanded, as he stalked from room to room, searching.

"You're mistaken, dear," the wife insisted. "That coat must have been left by one of your friends the last time you threw a poker party. Since you've been gone, I haven't even *looked* at another man."

The husband searched through the entire apartment and, finding no one, decided his wife must be telling the truth. Apologizing for his unwarranted display of temper, he then went to the bathroom to wash up. He was running water in the basin, when he noticed that the shower curtain was pulled closed. Rather peculiar, he thought. He ripped the curtain open and – sure enough – there was a strange man. But before the astounded husband could utter a word, the man jerked the curtain closed again, saying, "Please! I haven't finished voting yet."

"I told my boyfriend I didn't want to see him any more," said the pony-tailed model to her friend, over lunch.

"What did he say?" the friend asked.

"Nothing. He just pulled the covers over his head."

The very swank men's club had for years forbidden the presence of women in any of its stately rooms. One night a dignified member walked in and was shocked to discover a covey of chirruping ladies gathered in the very center of the study.

"What is the meaning of this?" he demanded of the club manager.

"We've decided to let members bring their wives in for dinner one evening a month," was the reply.

"But that's unfair," complained the disgruntled fellow. "I'm not married. Could I bring my girlfriend?"

The manager thought for a moment, and then replied slowly, "I think it might be all right . . . provided she's the wife of a member."

Heard any good ones lately? Send your favorites to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Ill., and earn an easy five dollars for each joke used. In case of duplicates, payment goes to first received. Jokes cannot be returned.*

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"Well, she's about your size, but — uh — smaller."

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FLY *(continued from page 38)*

was the great joke of our typically British souvenir."

"The words are still there Andre; but . . . look!"

He took the ash tray out of my hands, frowned, and walked over to the window. Then he went quite pale, and I knew that he had seen what had proved to me that he had indeed carried out a strange experiment.

The three words were still there, but reversed and reading:

Made in Japan

Without a word, having completely forgotten me, Andre rushed off to his laboratory. I only saw him the next morning, tired and unshaven after a whole night's work.

A few days later, Andre had a new reverse which put him out of sorts and made him fussy and grumpy for several weeks. I stood it patiently enough for a while, but being myself bad tempered one evening, we had a silly row over some futile thing, and I reproached him for his moroseness.

"I'm sorry, *cherie*. I've been working my way through a maze of problems and have given you all a very rough time. You see, my very first experiment with a live animal proved a complete fiasco."

"Andre! You tried that experiment with Dandelo, didn't you?"

"Yes. How did you know?" he answered sheepishly. "He disintegrated perfectly, but he never reappeared in the receiving set."

"Oh, Andre! What became of him then?"

"Nothing . . . there is just no more Dandelo; only the dispersed atoms of a cat wandering, God knows where, in the universe."

Dandelo was a small white cat the cook had found one morning in the garden and which we had promptly adopted. Now I knew how it had disappeared and was quite angry about the whole thing, but my husband was so miserable over it all that I said nothing.

I saw little of my husband during the next few weeks. He had most of his meals sent down to the laboratory. I would often wake up in the morning and find his bed unslept in. Sometimes, if he had come in very late, I would find that storm-swept appearance which only a man can give a bedroom by getting up very early and fumbling around in the dark.

One evening he came home to dinner all smiles, and I knew that his troubles were over. His face dropped, however, when he saw I was dressed for going out.

"Oh. Were you going out, Helene?"

"Yes, the Drillons invited me for a game of bridge, but I can easily phone them and put it off."

"No, it's all right."

"It isn't all right. Out with it, dear!"

"Well, I've at last got everything perfect and I wanted you to be the first to see the miracle."

"*Magnifique*, Andre! Of course I'll be delighted."

Having telephoned our neighbors to say how sorry I was and so forth, I ran down to the kitchen and told the cook that she had exactly 10 minutes in which to prepare a "celebration dinner."

"An excellent idea, Helene," said my husband when the maid appeared with the champagne after our candlelight dinner. "We'll celebrate with reintegrated champagne!" and taking the tray from the maid's hands, he led the way down to the laboratory.

"Do you think it will be as good as before its disintegration?" I asked, holding the tray while he opened the door and switched on the lights.

"Have no fear. You'll see! Just bring it here, will you," he said, opening the door of a telephone call-box he had bought and which had been transformed into what he called a transmitter. "Put it down on that now," he added, putting a stool inside the box.

Having carefully closed the door, he took me to the other end of the room and handed me a pair of very dark sun glasses. He put on another pair and walked back to a switchboard by the transmitter.

"Ready Helene?" said my husband turning out all the lights. "Don't remove your glasses till I give the word."

"I won't budge Andre, go on," I told him, my eyes fixed on the tray which I could just see in a greenish shimmering light through the glass paneled door of the telephone booth.

"Right," said Andre, throwing a switch.

The whole room was brilliantly illuminated by an orange flash. Inside the cabin I had seen a crackling ball of fire and felt its heat on my face, neck and hands. The whole thing lasted but the fraction of a second, and I found myself blinking at green-edged black holes like those one sees after having stared at the sun.

"*Et voilà!* You can take off your glasses, Helene."

A little theatrically perhaps, my husband opened the door of the cabin. Though Andre had told me what to expect, I was astonished to find that the champagne, glasses, tray and stool were no longer there.

Andre ceremoniously lead me by the hand into the next room in a corner of which stood a second telephone booth. Opening the door wide, he triumphantly lifted the champagne tray off the stool.

Feeling somewhat like the good natured kind-member-of-the-audience that has been dragged onto the music hall stage by the magician, I repressed from saying, "All done with mirrors," which I knew would have annoyed my husband.

"Sure it's not dangerous to drink?" I asked as the cork popped.

"Absolutely sure, Helene," he said handing me a glass. "But that was nothing. Drink this off and I'll show you something much more astounding."

We went back into the other room.

"Oh, Andre! Remember poor Dandelo!"

"This is only a guinea pig, Helene. But I'm positive it will go through all right."

He set the furry little beast down on the green enamelled floor of the booth and quickly closed the door. I again put on my dark glasses and saw and felt the vivid crackling flash.

Without waiting for Andre to open the door, I rushed into the next room where the lights were still on and looked into the receiving booth.

"Oh, Andre! *Cheri!* He's there all right!" I shouted excitedly watching the little animal trotting round and round. "It's wonderful Andre. It works! You've succeeded!"

"I hope so, but I must be patient. I'll know for sure in a few weeks' time."

"What do you mean? Look! He's as full of life as when you put him in the other cabin."

"Yes, so he seems. But we'll have to see if all his organs are intact, and that will take some time. If that little beast is still full of life in a month's time, we then consider the experiment a success."

I begged Andre to let me take care of the guinea pig.

"All right, but don't kill it by overfeeding," he agreed with a grin for my enthusiasm.

Though not allowed to take Hop-la — the name I had given the guinea pig — out of its box in the laboratory, I had tied a pink ribbon round its neck and was allowed to feed it twice a day.

Hop-la soon got used to its pink ribbon and became quite a tame little pet, but that month of waiting seemed a year.

And then one day, Andre put Miquette, our cocker spaniel, into his "transmitter." He had not told me beforehand, knowing full well that I would never have agreed to such an experiment with our dog. But when he did tell me, Miquette had been successfully transmitted half-a-dozen times and seemed to be enjoying the operation thoroughly; no sooner was she let out of the "reintegrator" than she dashed madly into the next room, scratching at the "transmit-

(continued on page 64)

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humor **BY ARTHUR KOBER**

DEAR MR. BRANCH:

First off, let me personally apologize the other day when I let you go home in the rain instead of sending you home in my "Caddy" with my chauffeur Smitty, but it so happened I loaned him and my car to a certain femme for the day. (Cute, but nothing serious being I am strictly a "field" player when it comes to the romance department. Been burnt "twice" too often.) Incidently my little English car, my Healey was getting its accent repaired (gag) else I would of obliged you personally by driving you home after lunch. Hope you understand.

Mr. Branch, I want to tell you how much I really enjoyed your company plus the lunch that day at Toots (Wed.) tho' it is pretty tough to have a serious confab at a joint like Toots amongst so many pals and specially when that big crum bum Mr. Shor comes around and he's constantly interrupting you all the time which is how that "slob" gets his kicks. (Only kidding.) Hope you didn't mind too much the "Insults" he slung around, altho' you must of wondered why I let so many get by without I going ahead and topping him. Well, Mr. Branch, a guy in my position whereby I've played so many night clubs, cafes, hotels and such in my time the way I done, naturally I could of annialated Toots with a couple ad libs I got in reserve strictly for hecklers, but when it comes to an old pal like Toots it really

presenting that clown prince of fun, jerry collins

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is not fair I should go and chop him down which I could do like taking candy away from a little kid. (A for instance. "Hey, dope, did you check your brains with your coat?" A guaranteed yock.) But why? After all, when some pal who is Rock Graciano's friend, supposing he takes a poke at the champ, Rocky is not going to let go with a sharp right to stiffen him out cold. Pro's spar strictly with pro's. Same goes with me. Hope you will understand.

Mr. Branch, I wonder if you given any serious tho't to the "proposition" we two discussed together at lunch, namely doing a book about my life? My feeling is right now is the time to put out this here book about my life being I am at the heighth of my career with my own TV show, namely "Jerry Collins and his Capers," which is amongst the top 10 which you can check personally my Trendex rating so just don't take my word alone. Ted, you don't pick up a newspaper without there's some comment or plug or such about me and the show. Ted, the fan mail which you can see for yourself whenever you so desire, it's coming in but by the sackfulls. Now I believe in the motto "Strike whilst the iron is hot" and believe me, Ted that iron is so hot it's positively sissling. Hope you don't think I am giving you a pump job. Strictly a fact.

When I think what a book about me will gross, Ted it is so staggering it positively takes the breadth away. First off, you can count on one of the top magazines doing a six–eight part serial with all kinds pictures galore which I got from my babyhood days on up to the time I posed with Presidents, with the Queen at the Command Performance the time I played the Palladium, with name generals when I did the U.S.O. bit and with all kinds famous personalities creeping in and out my life. Second, the book will get plenty free plugs from me on my own TV show – that's for sure. Thirdly, am willing to make a p.a. tour to all the book stores and I myself will personally autograph any and all copies so long the demand will last. And finally have got pals amongst the disc jocks and m.c.'s – people like Ed Sullivan, Steve Allen, Ernie Kovacks, Barry Gray and their ilk who will gladly give me free air to plug the book. Ted, I see this book snowballing up and down the country to where there is simply no limit to what it could gross. Besides which, have discussed the whole matter with Pinky Farber, my "praise" agent who knows but thoro'ly how to get behind a product and push it (he's doing pretty OK by yours truly, by the way) and Pinky got some highly original ideas his own self. Great boy, Pink. The most. Incidently it was Pinky who recommended me you are the ideal person to go ahead and write my life story. (Tho't you might like to know.)

Frankly speaking Ted, when it comes to writers and the big-word racket, I am strictly from Dumbsville. All I know tho' is whilst I could of gotten my TV writers to do the job, I figured you don't go to a tonsil man to cure a busted arm and "vice-a-versa." This here happens to be an age of specialists which we are living in today which is why I went ahead and I informed Pinky he should recommend me a writer who is a professional book man which he did, namely you.

When Pinky mentioned me your name, right away I gave out with the "Sonny Tufts?" bit. (Hope you will understand, but frankly Ted, I did not know at the time.) Then when he explained me your experience on newspapers, your articles and the books you wrote, naturally I says to Pinky "but will he dig me and my life story?" "Look," Pinky says, "don't knock the guy just because to you he is a civilian." The best way to find out what is what, he says, is to have lunch with you whereby we each get ourselves mutually acquainted. Hence our lunch date.

Ted, that day at Toots you convinced me right off you were just the typical type writer needed for this here job. When I began popping off with the gags and making with the funnies, am frank to say I liked very much the way you come through, not sitting there with your kisser at half mast. If there is one thing I abwhore it is to have a wet blanket around who when a person is knocking himself out to grab a couple laughs and such, here is this character giving a perfect imitation of a Chinaman namely Dead Pan.

Ted, am really sincere when I say a young fortune could be made of this here book. Furthermore, I'd be only too willing and happy to split up and down the middle, namely fifty-fifty on any and all revenues from the book. Now Ted, comes the part which it is only right to mention, being I believe everything should be fair, square and above board, namely this Ted. Whilst it is thoro'ly OK for you to share fifty-fifty in the book, still any other offers, "propositions" or revenues which might accrue – other than the book that is, same must be handled by me and any and all such intake must be strictly mine. Ted, this here is one point which I must insist on so if you got any reservations or doubts in this here respect, please come right out and say so now which will prevent any future beefs from coming up later on.

Frankly speaking, what I got my eye on is a one-picture deal whereby I do my own life story in films. Am honest enough to say that the thing which has burnt me up to a crispt all these years was the picture which I made the time I was in Hollywood and which thro' no fault my own was a floppola and laid one great big bomb box-office wise. Felt even at the time the picture was in production that whilst Arnie Ritter, God rest his soul, shelled out money galore, got the best talent available, lavished plenty on production numbers and such and didn't stint even one nickel, still when it came to handling yours truly, guiding him and protecting him with close shots and such, Arnie, God rest his soul, was strictly from Clucksville. (Am not speaking ill of the dead. Hope you understand.) Arnie had me doing low comedy routines and slapstick stuff whereas if I'd of been handled right, he could of made me into the same type zuave and nonchalant comic like Gary Grant, Danny Kaye and that ilk. But was I guided? No. Did they appreciate the type of property they had on their hands? They did not. If anybody wishes to prove my remarks, just look at the zuave type show I do on my TV program (the white-tie and tails bit, very classy) and today I am amongst the top 10 in TV ratings. Same talent, same ability, same delivery I had whilst I was in Hollywood where I am considered all washt up. If the situation wasn't so comical it would be laughable.

So you see Ted why I want very much to redeem myself picture wise. Figure if the book is a smash, which it should be, then it will be like a trailer for my own life story with me starred as Jerry Collins. Figure here is a chance to pick up and choose my own producer with the right "know how" who will present and guide me in one "hell" of a hunk entertainment which should and could outgross the Jolson and Cantor life stories inasmuch as no one would be dubbing in the songs inasmuch as I would be playing myself, using my own legitimate voice, my own natural gestures and telling something that would come direct from the heart and not another actor playing the guy and making believe he is that genuine character which somehow or other is bound to come thro' somehow. Not with me tho' on account I actually would be Jerry Collins. Makes sense, no?

Naturally I am prepared to make some alterations story wise being I would not want my ex-wives represented in any way, shape or form. Incidently the whole Maybelle episode I want should be kept strictly out of the book. Don't even want her name should come up inasmuch as any dame who will come along with photographers and release pictures to the tabloids and to my pals and hold me and a certain femme up to ridicule, that dame I got only contempt for and noth-

(concluded on page 77)

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"Will I get time-and-a-half?"

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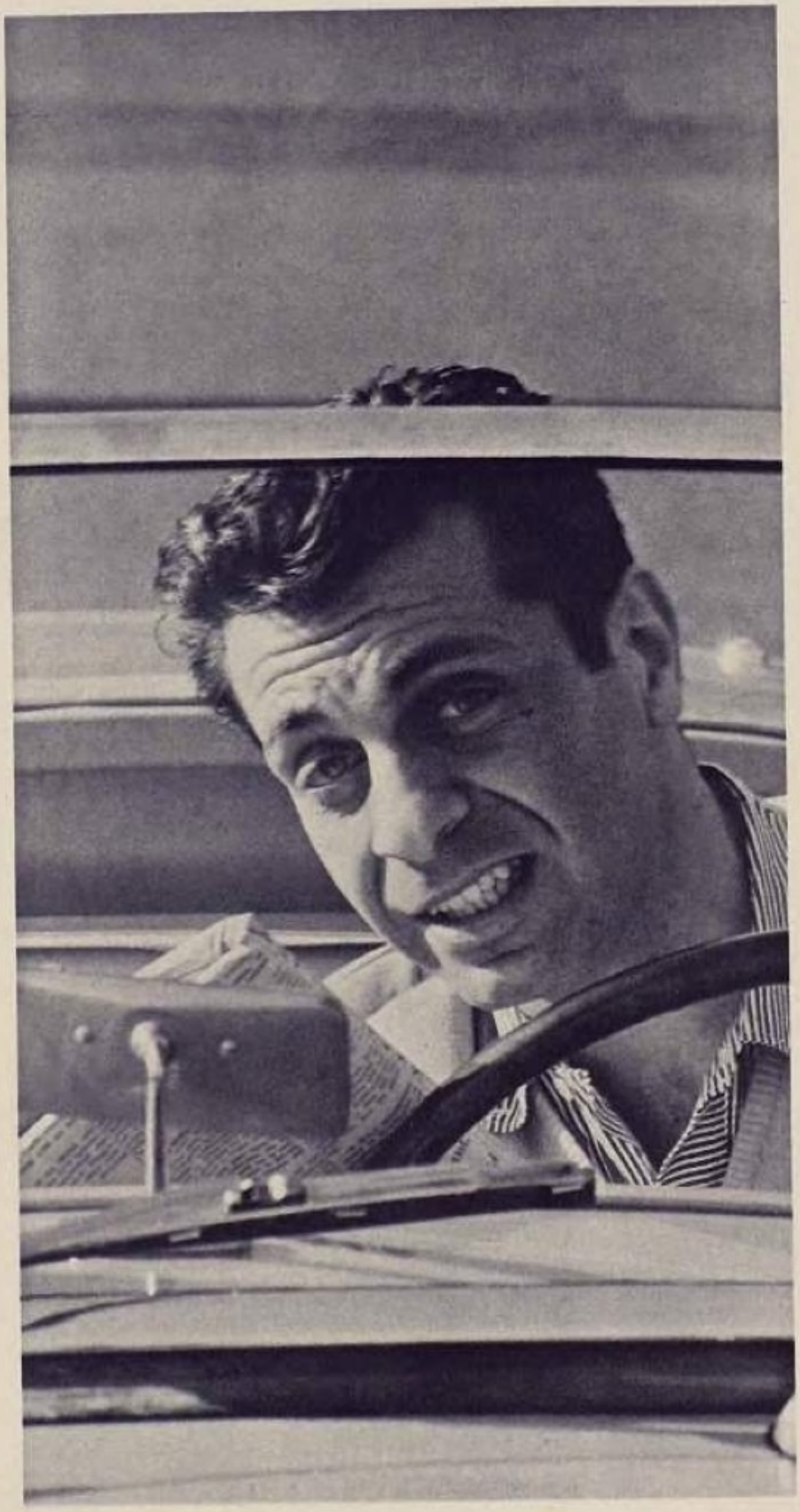
the egghead humor of mort sahl

a real free-form guy



THE INFORMAL FELLOW in the red sweater and the absent necktie was introduced by the m.c. as ". . . America's only working philosopher." He stepped upon the supper-club stage clutching a rolled-up newspaper, shyly requested a little more light, and then plunged into an extended dissertation on foreign policy, the Senate, segregation, religion, the American Medical Association, the Army and the President of the United States. Strange stuff for a club comic to concern himself with, but Mort Sahl is a strange sort of comic. His speech is salted with socio-psychological phrases like *father figure, value judgment* and *group hostility*. The uninitiated in the audience may not only miss the point of much of his humor, they may have difficulty even following what he is saying, as when Sahl discusses the social significance of a movie poster:

"Outside the theatre there's this picture of a girl about 25 feet high and she has a towel around her from the Hilton Hotel chain. It's kind of like, you know, like good taste in panic . . . and she's got this kind of terror in her face, she looks real bugged, and her face is a social indictment of the entire insensitivity of society, you know, and uh, there's a synthesis within her expression of a rejection of Old World thinking and yet a kind of, uh, dominance of this phony puritanical strain which makes our mores, you know. In other words, she's operating under the ostensible advantages of suffrage and, on the other hand, this phony double-standard of morality. So, anyway, over her head there's an indictment of all of us and it says, *'You did it to her!'* Wonderful. I was standing there on the street digging this sign, and I noticed a lot of young men walk-

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ing by had a look of communal guilt across their faces."

The typical nightclub conventioneer will sit through this with a blank or bewildered expression, but the more aware in the audience, bored by routine comic fare, will break into pieces on the spot. Jazz lingo exists right alongside egghead argot in Sahl's vocabulary and he spends much of his time with jazz musicians. Stan Kenton was one of Sahl's early sponsors and placed him on the same program when the band played the Palladium. Mort also digs such urban interests as hi-fi and sports cars, and uses the subjects in his act:

"These sports car bugs are the most. One enthusiast has this car which was built around him – sheet metal pounded around his body. Luckily he has contemporary features. Kind of stark looking guy anyway, looks like his face muscles are receding. So he's in this womb position with the car pounded around him, all around him except for this plastic slide which is over his mouth, so he can order gas. Sort of a No-Man-Is-An-Island-style slide. Wonderful.

"Sports cars are becoming very safety-oriented these days. There's a new model out now – you can run it into a wall and not be hurt. That's because of the way the car is put together. First of all, it has these new Ivy seat belts. They're thin and they buckle in the back. Good taste. Then there's foam rubber, about six inches of foam rubber, all over the dashboard, and a dished steering wheel with a 22 degree camber, so it won't impale you on impact. And safety glass that breaks up into gelatinous cubes, with no sharp edges . . . and fly-away hood, hood ornaments and grill . . . and jettisonable deck and doors . . . and pop-out plastic tail lights and rear bumper. So, in effect, if you'll just cool it as you come to the wall, light a cigarette and Have Faith, the car will realize the futility of what you're doing and what it will do . . . well, actually, it will sort of *chicken out*."

Sahl's routines are anything but routine and no two performances are quite the same. He works within general areas of topicality often suggested by the newspaper which is his prop, his emblem and, as he might put it, his "security symbol." He does have a few prefabricated punch lines, but his method of getting to them is never the same. It is, rather, almost a lack of method – a sort of free association. He will ramble and digress, drift away from his story (sometimes never to return) and constantly be reminded of new things. The rambling is genuine, on-the-spot creativity – a kind of impressionistic yackety-yack that happens right on stage and is one of the essential elements of his style.

Ingenuousness is part of his style, too. When Sahl gets off a particularly good remark, he will quite unashamedly enjoy it with his audience. His nose will wrinkle and his teeth will flash in an uncontrollable expression of delight. Then, as if suddenly realizing this is not quite the proper thing to do, he will take himself in hand, scratch his head, and mumble, "Well, OK. Fine. Onward!" And the free association will resume, in a delivery that is rapid and without pause – not the artificial machine-gun patter of a Walter Winchell but, rather, the headlong excitement of the inspired conversationalist whose ideas run ahead of his tongue.

Sahl went to school on the West Coast and he is filled with stories – both true and fanciful – about collegiate life in that area. He describes his difficulties studying engineering at the University of California. "They're kind of backward about it, and the Dean of Engineering School is a real executive bottleneck – he wears a mortarboard and gown to classes, you know, the *worst* – and he's always making trips to Europe to study Florentine architecture and – there's no reception to new ideas is what I'm getting at. Well, when I went into Graduate School, my project was a bridge. That's all you build in San Francisco – bridges.

"So, I took my idea into the Dean of Engineering who, as I say, was nowhere – very conservative and, uh, he didn't want to look at it, and he'd say, 'Whatta you want?' You know, very backward – Chairman of the Committee, you know. I wanted to make a genuine contribution to the field I'd chosen to enter, so I had this idea for a crazy free-form bridge. I wanted to put it at a point 10 miles up the bay – the widest part of the bay, which is a real challenge, you know. It wasn't a suspension bridge – it didn't have any supports – I didn't want any supports, because from an esthetic standpoint, I didn't want it to be too *busy*. It was wild – they'd never had a bridge like that before – it would kind of float with the Japanese currents

(continued on page 54)

"I'm very high on hi-fi –" "Watch the tubes come up." "The landlady gets wigged –" "When the street lights dim."

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Ribald Classic

THE LADY AND THE ANGEL

An ironic excerpt from *The Revolt of the Angels* by Anatole France

A WHITE AND RADIANT OFFERING, Gilberte, with her head thrown back, her eyes half closed, her lips apart, sunk in dreamy languor, was breathing slowly and placidly, when suddenly she started up with a cry of terror.

"Whatever is that?"

"Stay still," said Maurice, holding her back in his arms.

In his present mood, had the sky fallen it would not have troubled him. But in one bound she escaped from him. Crouching down, her eyes filled with terror, she was pointing with her finger at a figure which appeared in a corner of the room, between the fireplace and the mirrored wardrobe. Then, unable to bear the sight, and nearly fainting, she hid her face in her hands.

Maurice at length turned his head, saw the figure, and perceiving that it moved, was also frightened. Meanwhile, Gilberte was regaining her senses. She imagined that what she had seen was some mistress whom her lover had hidden in the room. Inflamed with anger and disgust at the idea of such treachery, boiling with indignation, and glaring at her supposed rival, she exclaimed:

"A woman . . . a naked woman too! You bring me into a room where you allow your women to come, and when I arrive they have not had time to dress. And you reproach me with arriving late! Your impudence is beyond belief! Come, send the creature packing. If you wanted us both here together, you might at least have asked me whether it suited me . . ."

Maurice, wide-eyed and groping for a revolver that had never been there, whispered in her ear:

"Be quiet . . . it is no woman. One can scarcely see, but it is more like a man."

She put her hands over her eyes again and screamed harder than ever.

"A man! Where does he come from? A thief. An assassin! Help! Help! Kill him . . . Maurice, kill him! Turn on the light. No, don't turn on the light . . ."

"Have no fear, Madame," said a very sweet voice.

Slightly reassured, she found strength to ask:

"Who are you?"

"I am an angel," replied the voice.

"What did you say?"

"I am an angel. I am Maurice's guardian angel."

"Say it again. I am going mad. I do not understand . . ."

Maurice, without understanding either, was indignant. He sprang forward and showed himself; with his right hand armed with a slipper, he made a threatening gesture and said, roughly:

"You are a low ruffian; oblige me by going the way you came."

"Maurice," continued the sweet voice, "He whom you adore as your Creator has stationed by the side of each of the faithful a good angel, whose mission it is to counsel and protect him; it is the invariable opinion of the Fathers, it is founded on many passages of the Bible, the Church admits it unanimously, without, however, pronouncing anathema upon those who hold a contrary opinion. You see before you one of these angels, *yours*, Maurice. I was commanded to watch over your innocence and to guard your chastity."

"That may be," said Maurice; "but you are certainly no gentleman. A gentleman would not permit himself to enter a room at such a moment. To be plain, what are you doing here?"

"I have assumed this appearance, Maurice, because, having henceforth to move among mankind, I have to make myself like them. The celestial spirits possess the power of assuming a form which renders them apparent to the eye and to the touch. This shape is real, because it is apparent, and all the realities in the world are but appearances."

But Gilberte was not listening. She had something on her mind, and to put an end to her suspense, she asked:

"How long have you been here?"

"I came with Maurice."

"Well – that's a nice thing!" she said, shaking her head. But the Angel continued with heavenly serenity:

"Everything in the Universe is circular, elliptical or hyperbolic, and the same laws which rule the stars govern this grain of dust. In the original and native movement of its substance, my body is spiritual, but it may affect, as you perceive, this material state by changing the rhythm of its elements."

Having thus spoken, he sat down in a chair on Gilberte's black stockings.

A clock struck outside.

"Good heavens, seven o'clock!" exclaimed Gilberte. "What am I to say to my husband? He thinks I am at that tea party in the Rue de Rivoli. We are dining with the La Verdelières tonight. Go away immediately Monsieur Angel. I must get ready to go. I have not a second to lose."

The Angel replied that he would have willingly obeyed Gilberte had he been in a state to show himself decently in public, but that he could not dream of appearing out of doors without any clothes. "Were I to walk naked in the street," he added, "I should offend a nation attached to its ancient habits, habits which it has never examined."

"It is true he cannot go out as he is," said Gilberte with justice.

Maurice tossed his pajamas and his slippers to the celestial messenger. Regarded as outdoor habiliments they were not adequate. Gilberte pressed her lover to run at once in quest of other clothes. He proposed to go and get some from the concierge. She was violently opposed to this. It would, she said, be madly imprudent to drag the concierge into such an affair.

"Do you want everyone to know that you and I . . ." she exclaimed.

Maurice went out to seek a clothes-shop.

Meanwhile, Gilberte, who could not delay any longer for fear of causing a horrible scandal, turned on the light and dressed before the Angel. She did it without any awkwardness, for she knew how to adapt herself to circumstances; and she took it that in such an unheard-of encounter in which heaven and earth were mingled in unutterable confusion it was permissible to retrench

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ILLUSTRATED BY LEON BELLIN

in modesty. Such went her logic.

Moreover, she knew that she possessed a good figure and had garments as dainty as the fashion demanded. As the apparition's sense of delicacy would not permit him to don Maurice's pajamas, Gilberte could not help observing by the lamplight that her suspicions were well-founded and that angels have the same appearance as men. Curious to know if the appearance were real or imaginary she asked the child of light if angels were like monkeys, who, to win women, merely lack money.

"Yes, Gilberte," he replied, "angels are capable of loving mortals. It is the teaching of the Scriptures. It is said in the sixth chapter of *Genesis*, 'When men became numerous on the face of the earth, and daughters were born to them, the sons of God saw that the daughters of men were beautiful, and they took as wives all those which pleased them.' "

"Good heavens," cried Gilberte all at once, "I shall never be able to fasten my dress; it hooks down the back . . . "

When Maurice entered the room he found the Angel on his knees tying the shoes of the woman taken in *flagrante delicto*.

Taking her muff and her bag off the table, she said:

"I have not forgotten anything? No. Good night, Monsieur Angel. Good night, Maurice. I shall never forget this day." And she left.

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free-form guy

(continued from page 51)

– kind of like Kon-Tiki. And the Dean said, 'You're outa your mind!' And he asked me where I wanted to put it, so I told him in the middle of the bay, so he says, 'No one needs a bridge up there. You're causing trouble.' You know, that kind of thing. Sort of, *If God had wanted a bridge there, there'd be one.*"

Sahl recalls some difficulties with a college roommate, too:

"He was a big wheel on campus – very popular. Never found out what he was majoring in, but he was my roommate and we shared this apartment together. It soon became apparent that his taste in, uh, friends was much different than mine, so we made up a kind of restrictive covenant whereby when he was having a party, we had a blue light there by the door – this old merchant mariner lamp we'd picked up at a war surplus – and he would leave this light on and if I came home and if I saw this light I'd know that he was having a party and I wouldn't come in and then *I'd* leave the light on if *I* was having a party – like that – just for parties. Anyway, I believe in this, you know – privacy is the end – I dig it. So, uh – and he dug it. Wonderful. So, the first time he had a party it lasted about three hours – so I just fell out and had some coffee and studied some – he kind of forced me into bad habits there. So – I did that. But the second time he had a party, it lasted all night and I had to sleep in an MG which I owned at the time. Which is not the answer, you know – pretty awful – listening to all-night record shows and being awakened by representatives of sports car clubs trying to sign you up. And then toward the end of the semester, he was having a party almost every night and it became kind of a drag. I couldn't get into the apartment and my back was beginning to hurt from sleeping in the MG, because of the hand brake and gear shift and so forth – and, I mean, I like to help a guy along when he's trying to build something, but – anyway, that was the end of our cooperative housing project, because finally I couldn't cut it anymore, you know, I was keeping my clothes in the trunk of the MG – you know, the worst. I thought, well, I ought to at least go in and get my toothbrush, so I went inside and, uh, that was a mistake. Now I don't mind sacrificing for a guy, you know, when something's happening. But when he's boasting and trying to build a reputation on it, it's unforgivable. That's right: he was alone – reading."

Sahl served a hitch in the Army ("I was so close to MacArthur I got radiation burns") and his recollections of such dear-to-the-heart GI phenomena as pro stations swell the ventricles of ex-servicemen. "So we would go into town and, uh, I've got to hand the Army this – I won't hand them much, but this I've got to hand them – they are well organized. The doctors were everywhere and the military police had gone in as pioneer troops eight hours ahead of us and nailed up green arrows on the walls of buildings which said, *First Aid*, you know – or words, to that effect – I'm abridging this for the mixed audience – and, uh, then you follow these arrows and walk along circuitous routes, down strange alleys, in strange surroundings, to find a friendly face there. The medic would talk to you and he would keep score of what guys from what outfit were sick, see? And if your outfit got a percentage of 65 or above, you would receive a unit citation. That's what it stands for. Did you know that? Sure. So, onward!

"The men reacted in three different ways to the Army's protection. First of all, there were the conformists. No imagination. I hate those guys. The worst, you know. The Good Soldier. The Organization Man. They simply did as they were told – got sick – followed the arrows in. First aid. Thanks. And that was that.

"The second group was a little sharper. They weren't actually sick, but they reported in anyway, you know. In an attempt to build reputation.

"The last were the real sophisticates. They were the perceptive people. They figured that the best way – uh, what they did was to follow the arrows in reverse direction and find the action."

We caught Mort Sahl at Mister Kelly's in Chicago, first paired with Anita O'Day, and then on a return engagement with Billie Holiday, but he got his start out in San Francisco at Enrico Banducci's club, the Hungry i (*Playboy After Hours*, June 1956). Sahl thinks a great deal of Banducci: "He's not only a very sweet guy, very warm human being and all that, but he has imagination. A real free-form guy. He's not afraid to try things. As a result, they line up on the sidewalks to get in the place." Sahl first appeared before the Hungry i patrons (among them, Budd Schulberg, Alberto Moravia, John Hersey) dressed in the conventional manner – complete with jacket and necktie. Since the club was rather informal, Banducci suggested he remove the jacket for future performances. Sahl did this. Next, the tie went. Next, because the cave-like walls of the Hungry i are rather drab, it was suggested that Sahl come out in an extremely loud sweater. This is his costume today.

The newspaper prop began at a time when Sahl's format was more rigid and he was deathly afraid of forgetting his lines. He typed them on index cards and stapled them to a rolled-up newspaper. Today, there are no lines stapled to the journal, but it has become a remarkably appropriate trademark for this comical critic of current events.

Sahl works best in the live coziness of a small club. His adventures with TV have been less than satisfactory: "NBC had me under contract, but nothing much happened. They suspected me of being an intellectual. But it's not true. I just *know* an intellectual. Guilt by association. And I have a library card – that's enough right there."

In the beginning, Sahl's rapid-fire delivery was not attributable to an abundance of ideas. "It was insecurity," he says, falling back into the headshrinker jargon again. "I was *afraid* to pause, afraid of silences; so I just kept talking, kept filling up the gaps." Though much more secure these days, Sahl's act is still tuckpointed throughout with "Uh," "Right," "Onward," and the constantly recurring "Wonderful."

Sahl, who creates his own material, says, "I feel this is the only justification for an act – as an outlet for material." Sahl is a liberal. And this is his big gimmick on stage – though there is no great difference between the onstage and offstage Sahl. He punctures the pet prejudices of all of us ("Let's see, are there any groups I haven't insulted yet this evening?"). He discourses on a broad spectrum of subjects and no cow is sacred.

On cigarette ads: "They have this rugged, masculine bit going. The ultimate will be an ape, smoking."

On exposé magazines: "Every issue they have this article titled, *Adolf Hitler is Alive*. You've seen it. And it tells how he's been seen walking with Glenn Miller and Amelia Earhart. It's true. He's living down in Greenwich Village. He's painting now – right – with a roller – and he wants to be judged on his artistic merit rather than on his political affiliations."

On the Junior Senator from Wisconsin: "You've got to place McCarthy in proper perspective in your own life, because eventually you'll have to tell your kids about him – unless you want them to learn it in the street."

On integration: "Last fall, Eisenhower said that he felt we should approach the problem *moderately*. But Stevenson said, we should solve the problem *gradually*. Now if we could just hit a compromise between these two extremes . . ."

On religion: "Out on the West Coast they've got this big tent with a neon sign over it that says, 'I AM.' And inside is this guy who says, pretty much, *he is*. Now I imagine you probably feel the same way about it that I do. I don't really believe he *is*, but on the other hand, I don't want to say he isn't, either.

(continued on page 74)

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"What do you mean, I can't see the show! I am the show!"

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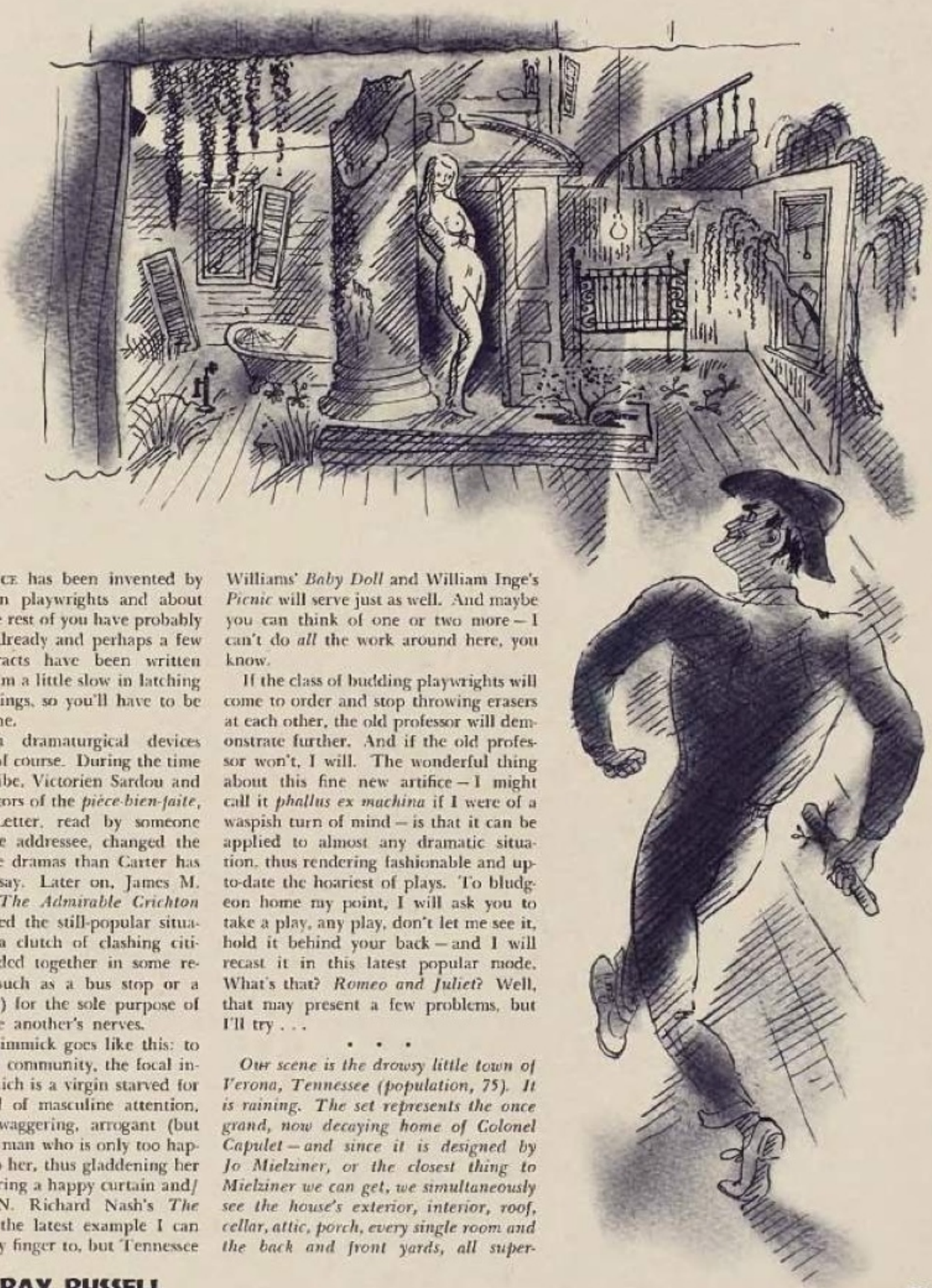
ENTER THE HANDSOME STRANGER

recipe for comic chaos: to baby doll and the rainmaker, add a pinch of shakespeare



A NEW DEVICE has been invented by American playwrights and about time, too. The rest of you have probably discovered it already and perhaps a few sociological tracts have been written about it, but I'm a little slow in latching on to these things, so you'll have to be patient with me.

Fashions in dramaturgical devices come and go, of course. During the time of Eugène Scribe, Victorien Sardou and other constructors of the *pièce-bien-faite*, the Crucial Letter, read by someone other than the addressee, changed the course of more dramas than Carter has pills, as they say. Later on, James M. Barrie wrote *The Admirable Crichton* and inaugurated the still-popular situation wherein a clutch of clashing citizens are stranded together in some remote covert (such as a bus stop or a petrified forest) for the sole purpose of getting on one another's nerves.

The latest gimmick goes like this: to one dull, rural community, the focal inhabitant of which is a virgin starved for the right kind of masculine attention, introduce a swaggering, arrogant (but poetic!) young man who is only too happy to give it to her, thus gladdening her heart and assuring a happy curtain and/or fadeout. N. Richard Nash's *The Rainmaker* is the latest example I can point my horny finger to, but Tennessee Williams' *Baby Doll* and William Inge's *Picnic* will serve just as well. And maybe you can think of one or two more – I can't do *all* the work around here, you know.

If the class of budding playwrights will come to order and stop throwing erasers at each other, the old professor will demonstrate further. And if the old professor won't, I will. The wonderful thing about this fine new artifice – I might call it *phallus ex machina* if I were of a waspish turn of mind – is that it can be applied to almost any dramatic situation, thus rendering fashionable and up-to-date the hoariest of plays. To bludgeon home my point, I will ask you to take a play, any play, don't let me see it, hold it behind your back – and I will recast it in this latest popular mode. What's that? *Romeo and Juliet*? Well, that may present a few problems, but I'll try . . .

• • •

Our scene is the drowsy little town of Verona, Tennessee (population, 75). It is raining. The set represents the once grand, now decaying home of Colonel Capulet – and since it is designed by Jo Mielziner, or the closest thing to Mielziner we can get, we simultaneously see the house's exterior, interior, roof, cellar, attic, porch, every single room and the back and front yards, all super-

satire **BY RAY RUSSELL**

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imposed on each other. In the nursery, Julie Doll, the voluptuous Capulet daughter, is asleep in a crib, sucking her thumb. In the bathroom, Colonel Capulet is asleep in the tub, sucking his toe. Offstage, some damned fool is singing "Shenandoah," apparently under the mistaken impression that this is "Mourning Becomes Electra." He is abruptly silenced by a quick-witted stagehand. Aunt Hyacinth Linthead is out front with an umbrella, picking dandelions for the stew. The phone rings. Aunt Hyacinth screams bloody murder, abandons the umbrella, does a buck-and-wing off left, reappears from stage right, falls to one knee and croaks a fast chorus of "Swanee" before beginning to muster courage to answer it. Colonel Capulet stirs uneasily in the tub, awakens and calls:

COLONEL

Aunt Hyacinth, yo' no-count no-neck monster, get off'n yo' dead butt and answer thet cotton-pickin' phone, y'heah?

JULIE DOLL

(sucking her elbow)

Pappy, wuffo yo' always pick on Aunt Hyacinth thetaway? Ain't she been good to us, a-fetchin' and carryin' and washin' and cookin' dandelion stew and caraway seed soup and peanut butter pie and hawg jowls *glacé* for us and everthang?

COLONEL

Julie Doll, thet ole lady cain't cook a decent meal to save her soul.

JULIE DOLL

I *like* the way Aunt Hyacinth cooks, Pappy; everthang slides down nice and greasy.

COLONEL

Shet yo' mouth, Julie Doll. *(Calling)* Aunt Hyacinth Linthead, you nutty old bat, who was thet on the phone?

AUNT HYACINTH

Warnt nobody.

COLONEL

Warnt nobody by the time y' got *to* it, y'mean! *(Under his breath)* I declare, sometimes I think thet woman's got Montague blood in her veins!

JULIE DOLL

I heerd you, Pappy! I heerd you say thet terrible nasty thing about pore ole Aunt Hyacinth! Why, thet ole lady is as good a Capulet as you are, and you know it! She a hunnerd percent white Protestant trash, sho enough! Ain't none o' thet feudin', fussin', furrin Montague blood in her *at* all!

COLONEL

(ashamed of himself)

Waaal, I didn't really mean it. *(He looks out the window.)* Sho wish it would stop rainin'.

AUNT HYACINTH

(soaking wet)

Why, Colonel honey, rain is the blessed tears of the heavenly angels in thet Holy City up yonder, hallelujah! And it makes the dandelions grow, glory be!

COLONEL

And it makes the funniture float right out of a man's house, too! They call thet a *flood*, glory be!

A darkly handsome young man leaps into view, lands on the balls of his feet, smiles broadly and waves to the mezzanine. He carries a short hickory stick — it is his weapon, his magic wand, his pride of manhood. How Freudian can you get?

YOUNG MAN

(laying it on with a No. 9 brush)

Flood? Did I hear someone say flood? Why, sir, that's a word that strikes no terror to my breast! My head is bloody but unbowed! My strength is as the strength of ten because my heart is pure! My soul —

COLONEL

Nevva mind yo' head and yo' heart and yo' soul — what's yo' *name*, son? And what, to change the vernacular slightly, is yo' racket?

YOUNG MAN

You mean my profession, sir? *Rainstopper!* And my name — Romeo.

JULIE DOLL

Romeo? Like in Romeo-ver in the clover? *(She has left the crib and is sliding up and down the newcomer's thorax.)* Thet there's a furrin name, ain't it?

ROMEO

It's Sicilian, ma'm.

JULIE DOLL

Civilian??

ROMEO

No, Sicilian — a very ancient people.

COLONEL

Julie Doll, stop slidin' up and down thet young feller like that!

JULIE DOLL

But I *like* to, Pappy; everthang slides down nice and greasy.

COLONEL

Come on in the house, son . . .

ROMEO

Come on in? I thought I *was* in!

COLONEL

Everbudda makes thet mistake — it's this consarned, cotton-pickin' set design. Jest set down anywhere — it don't make no never mind. (ROMEO *sets on* JULIE DOLL, *who is conveniently groveling at his feet.)* Now then, young feller, yo' happen to be a man with furrin blood, and thet's a disadvantage in these parts, but this rainstoppin' you spoke about — it sho enough sounds sweet to my ears. How you aim to go 'bout it?

ROMEO

Well sir, first I'll just sort of rare up and spread out my arms; then I'll snort some, and spit; then I'll do some hawg-callin' for a spell; then I'll incantate a few incantations — such as . . . Tetragrammaton! Poontang! New Directions! Nannieberries! Tippecanoe and Tyler Too! And *then?* Why then, sir, the clouds will roll away . . . and the sun will show its shinin' face . . . and the good rich earth of Verona, Tennessee (population, 75) will soak up the water like a big old sponge!

JULIE DOLL

Thet's mighty purty! *Mighty* purty! Yo' sho do talk mighty purty.

ROMEO

Well, ma'm, beggin' your pardon, you are mighty purty your *own* self.

AUNT HYACINTH

These here dandelions are mighty purty, too. Poems of nature!

COLONEL

Anybody fixin' to call *me* mighty purty better duck quick. Now, look, son — I don't mind sayin' you sho do talk a pow'ful spell of rainstoppin'. But what's all this rarin' up and snortin' and spittin' and hawg-callin' and incantatin' gonna cost me?

ROMEO

My standard price is one hundred dollars, Colonel. But for you, because you are a full-blooded native of this sovereign state and I am but a lowly Sicilian, the price is fifty dollars — *Confederate* dollars, sir!

COLONEL

Thet goes without sayin'. I wouldn't be caught dead with thet no good Yankee money.

JULIE DOLL

Yo' wouldn't be caught *alive* with it, nuther!

COLONEL

(aside)

Aunt Hyacinth, I think yo' and I ought to mosey inside —

AUNT HYACINTH

We *are* inside.

COLONEL

. . . Well then, we oughta mosey *out*side and discuss the state of the Capulet *finances.*

AUNT HYACINTH

Wha'?

COLONEL

(roaring)

MONEY, you snivelin' idiot! *(To* ROMEO*)* Will you excuse us for a spell? (COLONEL CAPULET *and* AUNT HYACINTH *mosey inside. I mean outside.)*

ROMEO

Miss Capulet, ma'm, now that we're alone, I can say somethin'.

JULIE DOLL

Would you stop settin' on me first?

ROMEO

Oh! *(He rises and she untangles herself. This is as good a time as any to mention that her only garment is a thin slip that is too tight, too short, and, due to the fact that both shoulder straps are broken, is periodically oozing down and revealing her posterior superior iliac dimples.)* Miss Capulet . . . can I call you Julie Doll?

(continued on page 69)

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vikki dougan makes marvelous exits

THE BACK

pictorial By SAM BAKER

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A CALLIPYGIAN PIGEON on the West Coast has made us look with new admiration upon PLAYBOY-cartoonist Jack Cole. Her name is Vikki Dougan, and she is the living realization of a style trend Jack prophesied in our January 1956 issue. Foretold Cole: "Having milked the utmost from décolletage, fashion will take an experimental plunge into 'derrierage.'" Style-setting Vikki, otherwise known as The Back (a transparent synecdoche for The Backside), has taken that plunge.

At the Hollywood Foreign Press Association's 1957 awards banquet, Vikki turned up in a gown that was not only backless but virtually seatless too—cut down to reveal several startling inches of reverse cleavage. Masculine eyeballs popped, as did the flashbulbs of United Press, who caught Vikki with her rearguard down and sent over the wires a fascinating photo that had to be judiciously cropped for newspaper publication. "This gal," reported Tinseltown chronicler Mike Connelly, "makes great exits!" Present at the affair (which was held at Hollywood's Cocoanut Grove) were Sir Laurence Olivier, Mike Todd, Kirk Douglas, Nicky Hilton, Sam Goldwyn and other stalwarts, not to mention Jayne Mansfield, Elizabeth Taylor and Mamie Van Doren, three ladies who went mint green at Vikki's newsmaking. Some talk of "bad taste" was bandied about by women with more conventional cleavage exposed, but Vikki said something to the effect that people in glass dresses shouldn't throw stones and pointed out that she was only following standard operating procedure for starlets by displaying her assets. "I'm not busty," she confessed, demurely, "so what's a girl to do?"

You may have glimmed Vikki in *The Great Man* (she played the network receptionist who "made a great exit" from Keenan Wynn's apartment) and, before that, on TV (as one of Jackie Gleason's And-Away-We-Go girls). We understand José Ferrer auditioned over 200 girls for the *Man* bit before coming to the decision that Vikki had the precise talents required; we understand further that John Wayne, after catching her unbridled undulation in the Ferrer flick, lost no time in signing her to an exclusive contract.

You might say things are looking up for the dorsal Miss Dougan chiefly because the men are looking down.

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At the Foreign Press Banquet in Hollywood, La Dougan's backless dress and dressless back caused tongue-clucking and shutter-clicking by the United Press.

The wirephoto that flashed across the nation.

There's much to be said for the front of The Back.

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Double Cross-up *(continued from page 28)*

the idea. "Don't you get it? They said not to turn on the light, didn't they? OK, so we don't turn on the light."

"But they'll catch on, Joe," Charlie protested. "You know, little mannerisms, little ways of doing things. Every guy has his own way of going about things, don't you think? For instance, when I——"

But here again we must draw a veil over the conversation of the next few minutes. It was edifying, on a very practical level, and it is a pity to be missing it. We can rejoin Joe and Charlie as they were getting up from the table, somewhat unsteadily, and making their way toward their respective appointments.

"Just remember," Joe was saying, "along with all the other stuff I told you about, to snuffle in her neck, right under her chin. That's the tipoff."

"And you bite her on the ear," Charlie said. "You know when."

"And we'll meet again here at the bar," Joe said. "In about half an hour?"

"You won't want that long," Charlie said. "Fifteen minutes tops."

And so these two young men took their leave of the Hegira Room. Joe entered Charlie's room and Charlie, four doors away, entered Joe's. The rooms being identical, they had no trouble finding their way about. As they disrobed, their eyes became accustomed to the dim light, and each beheld, in the double bed, the top of a blonde head. Hearts thumping madly with the thrill of the adventure, each slipped into contiguity, and subsequent embraces, with his own wife.

Aside from noting that Sheila was delighted to find a nice little mustache nuzzling and snorting under her chin, and that Gloria was even more entranced to receive a nip on the ear, at just the right time, we must leave unreported the other much more spectacular events of the next — not 15 minutes, not half an hour, but nigh onto an hour and a half.

As it happened, things very nearly went amiss: that is, it was almost discovered who was sleeping with whom. Joe and Gloria, to the accompaniment of several indiscreet female shrieks, concluded their transaction before Charlie and Sheila had exhausted the possibilities inherent in theirs. Gloria, in a veritable transport of well-being, had been led to expect her partner to fall into insensate slumber; she was therefore surprised to observe that he arose, reclothed himself, and departed, whistling softly to himself. After a minute or so she also got up and dressed, intent on getting back to her proper habitat. But on approaching her room, and pressing her ear to the door, she heard an unmistakable commotion within, which informed her that her entry would be premature. She was understandably perplexed.

"What's he taking so long about?" she asked herself. "After all, that's *me* he's in there with. Or is it?" The dreadful suspicion dawned in her that her husband had discovered he was partaking of forbidden fruit, and was feasting to his full. For a critical instant she considered bursting in and taxing him with this impropriety. But thinking better of it she withdrew to a dark corner, glowering, and awaited Sheila's exit.

Instead, it was a man who left — Joe, she assumed. He seemed to be making toward the bar. Not pausing to wonder what that might mean, Gloria strode into her room and found Sheila sitting up in bed, dazed, brushing strands of hair out of her face, altogether breathless.

"OK, I win," Sheila said. "You're luckier. Holy cow!"

"You sure he didn't know I was you, or you were me, or something?" Gloria asked, in the steely voice of the fur buyer.

"No, honestly. It was always 'Oh, Gloria' and 'Ah, Gloria' and 'Where did you learn *that*, Gloria' — so it was you, all right, and all I can say is, you're the luckiest girl alive. Oh gracious!"

Mollified by this statement, Gloria was constrained to dispute her title to such pre-eminence.

"Oh no I'm not," she said. "I got a long way to go before I catch up with you. I always thought my Joe was pretty good, but your Charlie makes him look like an elderly clergyman."

"An elderly clergyman?" Sheila cried. "That man who just left here? Holy smoke, Gloria, if you think that was tame you must have made an awful lot of trips to the well!"

The girls continued for some time in this vein, congratulating each other on their own husbands' proficiency, even citing an example now and then to drive their points home. Neither could be persuaded that the man she had entertained was not better than her own husband in every important respect. Meanwhile, these selfsame husbands were seated again at the bar, engaged in much the same conversation.

"What's been keeping you so long?" Joe asked when Charlie came in. "I been sitting here for half an hour."

"Man!" Charlie exclaimed. "That girl isn't good enough for you? I never been so busy in my life!"

"You mean it?" Joe asked. "Must be something wrong. You sure she didn't know who you were?"

"Absolutely," Charlie said. "I gave her that wheeze in the neck, you know, and you'd of thought it had never happened to her before. 'Oh, Joe,' she hollers, and sets off like a wild mare through a prairie fire."

"Same thing happened to me," Joe reported. "And when I chomped her on the ear, like you told me — man, for a minute there I thought I'd have to leave without the family jewels."

"What?" Charlie asked. "Is this Sheila you're talking about? Impossible! You must of got into the wrong room. Sheila is like a mouse with a hangover."

"Man, how wrong can you be?" Joe asked. "Now if you were talking about Gloria — yes."

"Man, how wrong can *you* be?" Charlie rejoined.

The men looked at each other in astonishment.

"Well, I'll be damned!" Joe stated.

"Well, I'll be damned too!" Charlie declared.

But as they made their way back to their rooms they got to thinking. Their thoughts were absolutely identical, the ruminations of a quadruped named Joe-charlie:

My wife just isn't that good. The whole thing is totally and completely impossible.

I got it! This guy just hasn't been around much, that's all.

But hell, he was in there for more than an hour! My wife must have been coming up with something.

(Here a pause, while a new idea was born. Then:)

So maybe I'm missing the boat right in my own creek?

This I got to know. Tonight.

"Night, Charlie," Joe whispered at his door. "Hope I got the strength to make the bed. I'm not long for this world."

"So long, Joe," Charlie answered. "I only hope Sheila's asleep. I'm dead."

Once inside their doors, however, Joe and Charlie manifested the liveliest activity. Once again, and all unknowing that it was once again, they tasted, to the surprise and delight of their wives, the blessings of connubial union. Each discovered that he had indeed been missing something — had been missing, in fact, a great deal. Life, though it promised to be a good deal more strenuous, appeared much rosier. And the girls, each alerted to her good fortune by the other, found that their high esteem of their husbands should have been, if anything, even higher.

The moral of this tale is plain: you certainly do meet wonderful people at the Mecca Motel, and it's worth every penny of $26 a day.

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"Oh, La-a-arry, I've slipped into something more comfortable."

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FLY *(continued from page 46)*

ter" door to have "another go," as Andre called it.

I now expected that my husband would invite some of his colleagues and Air Ministry specialists to come down. He usually did this when he had finished a research job and, before handing them long detailed reports which he always typed himself, he would carry out an experiment or two before them. But this time, he just went on working. One morning I finally asked him when he intended throwing his usual "surprise party," as we called it.

"No, Helene; not for a long while yet. This discovery is much too important. I have an awful lot of work to do on it still. Do you realize that there are some parts of the transmission proper which I do not yet myself fully understand? It works all right, but you see, I can't just say to all these eminent professors that I do this and that and, poof, it works! I must be able to explain how and why it works. And what is even more important, I must be ready and able to refute every destructive argument they will not fail to trot out, as they usually do when faced with anything really good."

I was occasionally invited down to the laboratory to witness some new experiment, but I never went unless Andre invited me, and only talked about his work if he broached the subject first. Of course it never occurred to me that he would, at that stage at least, have tried an experiment with a human being; though, had I thought about it – knowing Andre – it would have been obvious that he would never have allowed anyone into the "transmitter" before he had been through to test it first. It was only after the accident that I discovered he had duplicated all his switches inside the disintegration booth, so that he could try it out by himself.

The morning Andre tried this terrible experiment, he did not show up for lunch. I sent the maid down with a tray, but she brought it back with a note she had found pinned outside the laboratory door: "Do not disturb me, I am working."

He did occasionally pin such notes on his door and, though I noticed it, I paid no particular attention to the unusually large handwriting of his note.

It was just after that, as I was drinking my coffee, that Henri came bouncing into the room to say that he had caught a funny fly, and would I like to see it. Refusing even to look at his closed fist, I ordered him to release it immediately.

"But, *Maman*, it has such a funny white head!"

Marching the boy over to the open window, I told him to release the fly immediately, which he did. I knew that Henri had caught the fly merely because he thought it looked curious or different to other flies, but I also knew that his father would never stand for any form of cruelty to animals, and that there would be a fuss should he discover that our son had put a fly in a box or a bottle.

At dinner time that evening, Andre had still not shown up and a little worried, I ran down to the laboratory and knocked at the door.

He did not answer my knock, but I heard him moving around and a moment later he slipped a note under the door. It was typewritten:

HELENE, I AM HAVING TROUBLE. PUT THE BOY TO BED AND COME BACK IN AN HOUR'S TIME. A.

Frightened, I knocked and called, but Andre did not seem to pay any attention and, vaguely reassured by the familiar noise of his typewriter, I went back to the house.

Having put Henri to bed, I returned to the laboratory where I found another note slipped under the door. My hand shook as I picked it up because I knew by then that something must be radically wrong. I read:

HELENE, FIRST OF ALL I COUNT ON YOU NOT TO LOSE YOUR NERVE OR DO ANYTHING RASH BECAUSE YOU ALONE CAN HELP ME. I HAVE HAD A SERIOUS ACCIDENT. I AM NOT IN ANY PARTICULAR DANGER FOR THE TIME BEING THOUGH IT IS A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH. IT IS USELESS CALLING TO ME OR SAYING ANYTHING. I CANNOT ANSWER. I CANNOT SPEAK. I WANT YOU TO DO EXACTLY AND VERY CAREFULLY ALL THAT I ASK. AFTER HAVING KNOCKED THREE TIMES TO SHOW THAT YOU UNDERSTAND AND AGREE, FETCH ME A BOWL OF MILK LACED WITH RUM. I HAVE HAD NOTHING ALL DAY AND CAN DO WITH IT.

Shaking with fear, not knowing what to think and repressing a furious desire to call Andre and bang away until he opened, I knocked three times as requested and ran all the way home to fetch what he wanted.

In less than five minutes I was back. Another note had been slipped under the door:

HELENE, FOLLOW THESE INSTRUCTIONS CAREFULLY. WHEN YOU KNOCK I'LL OPEN THE DOOR. YOU ARE TO WALK OVER TO MY DESK AND PUT DOWN THE BOWL OF MILK. YOU WILL THEN GO INTO THE OTHER ROOM WHERE THE RECEIVER IS. LOOK CAREFULLY AND TRY TO FIND A FLY WHICH OUGHT TO BE THERE BUT WHICH I AM UNABLE TO FIND. UNFORTUNATELY I CANNOT SEE SMALL THINGS VERY EASILY.

"I have to rent a furnished room for a week. My mother is coming to visit me."

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BEFORE YOU COME IN YOU MUST PROMISE TO OBEY ME IMPLICITLY. DO NOT LOOK AT ME AND REMEMBER THAT TALKING IS QUITE USELESS. I CANNOT ANSWER. KNOCK AGAIN THREE TIMES AND THAT WILL MEAN I HAVE YOUR PROMISE. MY LIFE DEPENDS ENTIRELY ON THE HELP YOU CAN GIVE ME.

I had to wait a while to pull myself together, and then I knocked slowly three times.

I heard Andre shuffling behind the door, then his hand fumbling with the lock, and the door opened.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw that he was standing behind the door, but without looking round, I carried the bowl of milk to his desk. He was evidently watching me and I must at all costs appear calm and collected.

"*Cheri*, you can count on me," I said gently, and putting the bowl down under his desk lamp, the only one alight, I walked into the next room where all the lights were blazing.

My first impression was that some sort of hurricane must have blown out of the receiving booth. Papers were scattered in every direction, a whole row of test tubes lay smashed in a corner, chairs and stools were upset and one of the window curtains hung half torn from its bent rod. In a large enamel basin on the floor a heap of burned documents was still smoldering.

I knew that I would not find the fly Andre wanted me to look for. Women know things that men only suppose by reasoning and deduction; it is a form of knowledge very rarely accessible to them and which they disparagingly call intuition. I already knew that the fly Andre wanted was the one which Henri had caught and which I had made him release.

I heard Andre shuffling around in the next room, and then a strange gurgling and sucking as though he had trouble in drinking his milk.

"Andre, there is no fly here. Can you give me any sort of indication that might help? If you can't speak, rap or something . . . you know: once for yes, twice for no."

I had tried to control my voice and speak as though perfectly calm, but I had to choke down a sob of desperation when he rapped twice for "no."

"May I come to you Andre? I don't know what can have happened, but whatever it is, I'll be courageous, dear."

After a moment of silent hesitation, he tapped once on his desk.

At the door I stopped aghast at the sight of Andre standing with his head and shoulders covered by the brown velvet cloth he had taken from a table by his desk, the table on which he usually ate when he did not want to leave his work. Suppressing a laugh that might easily have turned to sobbing, I said:

"Andre, we'll search thoroughly tomorrow, by daylight. Why don't you go to bed? I'll lead you to the guest room if you like, and won't let anyone else see you."

His left hand tapped the desk twice.

"Do you need a doctor, Andre?"

"No," he rapped.

"Would you like me to call up Professor Augier? He might be of more help . . . "

Twice he rapped "no" sharply. I did not know what to do or say. And then I told him:

"Henri caught a fly this morning which he wanted to show me, but I made him release it. Could it have been the one you are looking for? I didn't see it, but the boy said its head was white."

Andre emitted a strange metallic sigh, and I just had time to bite my fingers fiercely in order not to scream. He had let his right arm drop, and instead of his long-fingered muscular hand, a gray stick with little buds on it like the branch of a tree, hung out of his sleeve almost down to his knee.

"Andre, *mon cheri*, tell me what happened. I might be of more help to you if I knew. Andre . . . oh, it's terrible!" I sobbed, unable to control myself.

Having rapped once for yes, he pointed to the door with his left hand.

I stepped out and sank down crying as he locked the door behind me. He was typing again and I waited. At last he shuffled to the door and slid a sheet of paper under it.

HELENE, COME BACK IN THE MORNING. I MUST THINK AND WILL HAVE TYPED OUT AN EXPLANATION FOR YOU. TAKE ONE OF MY SLEEPING TABLETS AND GO STRAIGHT TO BED. I NEED YOU FRESH AND STRONG TOMORROW. MA PAUVRE CHERIE. A.

"Do you want anything for the night, Andre?" I shouted through the door.

He knocked twice for no, and a little later I heard the typewriter again.

The sun full on my face woke me up with a start. I had set the alarm-clock for five but had not heard it, probably because of the sleeping tablets. I had indeed slept like a log, without a dream. Now I was back in my living nightmare and crying like a child I sprang out of bed. It was just on seven!

Rushing into the kitchen, without a word for the startled servants, I rapidly prepared a trayload of coffee, bread and butter with which I ran down to the laboratory.

Andre opened the door as soon as I knocked and closed it again as I carried the tray to his desk. His head was still covered, but I saw from his crumpled suit and his open camp-bed that he must have at least tried to rest.

On his desk lay a typewritten sheet for

"Sa-a-ay! This looks like a pretty exciting place!"

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me which I picked up. Andre opened the other door, and taking this to mean that he wanted to be left alone, I walked into the next room. He pushed the door to and I heard him pouring out the coffee as I read:

DO YOU REMEMBER THE ASH TRAY EXPERIMENT? I HAVE HAD A SIMILAR ACCIDENT. I "TRANSMITTED" MYSELF SUCCESSFULLY THE NIGHT BEFORE LAST. DURING A SECOND EXPERIMENT YESTERDAY A FLY WHICH I DID NOT SEE MUST HAVE GOT INTO THE "DISINTEGRATOR." MY ONLY HOPE IS TO FIND THAT FLY AND GO THROUGH AGAIN WITH IT. PLEASE SEARCH FOR IT CAREFULLY SINCE, IF IT IS NOT FOUND, I SHALL HAVE TO FIND A WAY OF PUTTING AN END TO ALL THIS.

If only Andre had been more explicit! I shuddered at the thought that he must be terribly disfigured and then cried softly as I imagined his face inside-out, or perhaps his eyes in place of his ears, or his mouth at the back of his neck, or worse!

Andre must be saved! For that, the fly must be found!

Pulling myself together, I said:

"Andre, may I come in?"

He opened the door.

"Andre, don't despair; I am going to find that fly. It is no longer in the laboratory, but it cannot be very far. I suppose you're disfigured, perhaps terribly so, but there can be no question of putting an end to all this, as you say in your note; that I will never stand for. If necessary, if you do not wish to be seen, I'll make you a mask or a cowl so that you can go on with your work until you get well again. If you cannot work, I'll call Professor Augier, and he and all your other friends will save you, Andre."

Again I heard that curious metallic sigh as he rapped violently on his desk.

"Andre, don't be annoyed; please be calm. I won't do anything without first consulting you, but you must rely on me, have faith in me and let me help you as best I can. Are you terribly disfigured, dear? Can't you let me see your face? I won't be afraid . . . I am your wife you know."

But my husband again rapped a decisive "no" and pointed to the door.

"All right. I am going to search for the fly now, but promise me you won't do anything foolish; promise you won't do anything rash or dangerous without first letting me know all about it!"

He extended his left hand, and I knew I had his promise.

I will never forget that ceaseless day-long hunt for a fly. Back home, I turned the house inside-out and made all the servants join in the search. I told them that a fly had escaped from the Professor's laboratory and that it must be captured alive, but it was evident they already thought me crazy. They said so to the police later, and that day's hunt for a fly most probably saved me from the guillotine later.

I questioned Henri and as he failed to understand right away what I was talking about, I shook him and slapped him, and made him cry in front of the roundeyed maids. Realizing that I must not let myself go, I kissed and petted the poor boy and at last made him understand what I wanted of him. Yes, he remembered, he had found the fly just by the kitchen window; yes, he had released it immediately as told to.

Even in summer time we had very few flies because our house is on the top of a hill and the slightest breeze coming across the valley blows round it. In spite of that, I managed to catch dozens of flies that day. On all the window sills and all over the garden I had put saucers of milk, sugar, jam, meat – all the things likely to attract flies. Of all those we caught, and many others which we failed to catch but which I saw, none resembled the one Henri had caught the day before. One by one, with a magnifying glass, I examined every unusual fly, but none had anything like a white head.

At lunch time, I ran down to Andre with some milk and mashed potatoes. I also took some of the flies we had caught, but he gave me to understand that they could be of no possible use to him.

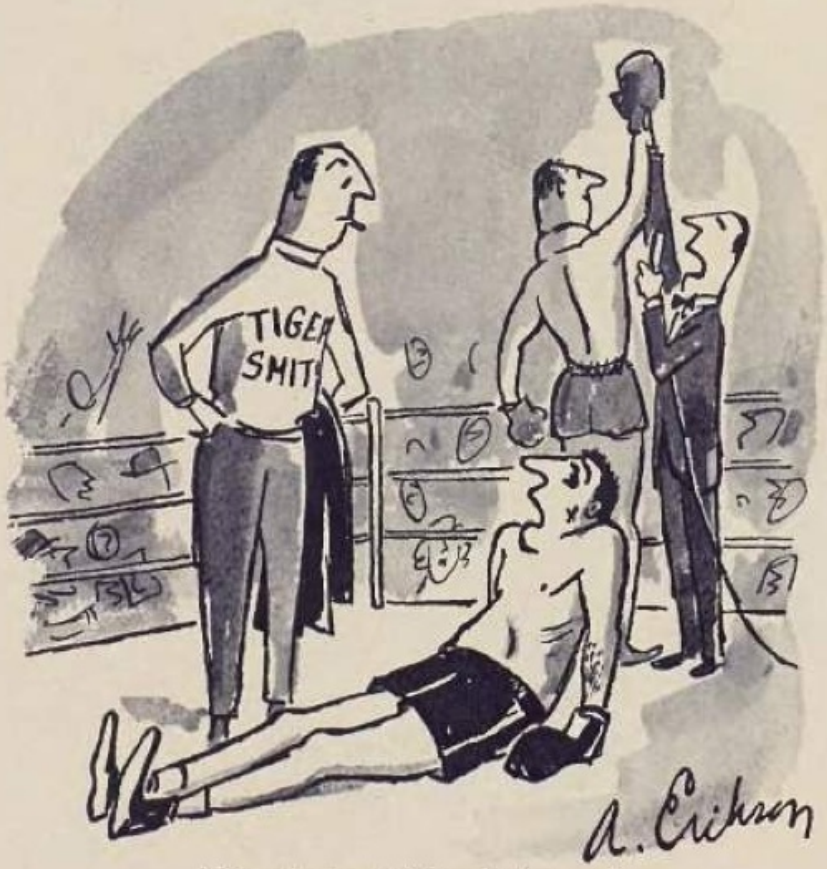
"If that fly has not been found tonight, Andre, we'll have to see what is to be done. And this is what I propose: I'll sit in the next room. When you can't answer by the yes-no method of rapping, you'll type out whatever you want to say and then slip it under the door. Agreed?"

"Yes," rapped Andre.

By nightfall we had still not found the fly. At dinner time, as I prepared Andre's tray, I broke down and sobbed in the kitchen in front of the silent servants. My maid thought that I had had a row with my husband, probably about the mislaid fly, but I learned later that the cook was already quite sure that I was out of my mind.

Without a word, I picked up the tray and then put it down again as I stopped by the telephone. That this was really a matter of life and death for Andre, I had no doubt. Neither did I doubt that he fully intended committing suicide, unless I could make him change his mind, or at least put off such a drastic decision. Would I be strong enough? He would never forgive me for not keeping a promise, but under the circumstances, did that really matter? To the devil with promises and honor! At all costs Andre must be saved! And having thus made up my mind, I looked up and dialed Professor Augier's number.

"The Professor is away and will not



"Somebody up there hates me."

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be back before the end of the week," said a polite neutral voice at the other end of the line.

That was that! I would have to fight alone and fight I would. I would save Andre come what may.

All my nervousness had disappeared as Andre let me in and, after putting the tray of food down on his desk, I went into the other room, as agreed.

"The first thing I want to know," I said as he closed the door behind me, "is what happened exactly. Can you please tell me, Andre?"

I waited patiently while he typed an answer which he pushed under the door a little later.

HELENE, I WOULD RATHER NOT TELL YOU. SINCE GO I MUST, I WOULD RATHER YOU REMEMBER ME AS I WAS BEFORE. I MUST DESTROY MYSELF IN SUCH A WAY THAT NONE CAN POSSIBLY KNOW WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO ME. I HAVE OF COURSE THOUGHT OF SIMPLY DISINTEGRATING MYSELF IN MY TRANSMITTER, BUT I HAD BETTER NOT BECAUSE, SOONER OR LATER, I MIGHT FIND MYSELF REINTEGRATED. SOME DAY, SOMEWHERE, SOME SCIENTIST IS SURE TO MAKE THE SAME DISCOVERY. I HAVE THEREFORE THOUGHT OF A WAY WHICH IS NEITHER SIMPLE NOR EASY, BUT YOU CAN AND WILL HELP ME.

For several minutes I wondered if Andre had not simply gone stark raving mad.

"Andre," I said at last, "whatever you may have chosen or thought of, I cannot and will never accept such a cowardly solution. No matter how awful the result of your experiment or accident, you are alive, you are a man, a brain . . . and you have a soul. You have no right to destroy yourself! You know that!"

The answer was soon typed and pushed under the door.

I AM ALIVE ALL RIGHT, BUT I AM ALREADY NO LONGER A MAN. AS TO MY BRAIN OR INTELLIGENCE, IT MAY DISAPPEAR AT ANY MOMENT. AS IT IS, IT IS NO LONGER INTACT. AND THERE CAN BE NO SOUL WITHOUT INTELLIGENCE . . . AND YOU KNOW THAT!

"Then you must tell the other scientists about your discovery. They will help you and save you, Andre!"

I staggered back frightened as he angrily thumped the door twice.

"Andre . . . why? Why do you refuse the aid you know they would give you with all their hearts?"

A dozen furious knocks shook the door and made me understand that my husband would never accept such a solution. I had to find other arguments.

For hours, it seemed, I talked to him about our boy, about me, about his family, about his duty to us and to the rest of humanity. He made no reply of any sort. At last I cried:

"Andre . . . do you hear me?"

"Yes," he knocked very gently.

"Well, listen then. I have another idea. You remember your first experiment with the ash tray? . . . Well, do you think that if you had put it through again a second time, it might possibly have come out with the letters turned back the right way?"

Before I had finished speaking, Andre was busily typing and a moment later I read his answer:

I HAVE ALREADY THOUGHT OF THAT. AND THAT WAS WHY I NEEDED THE FLY. IT HAS GOT TO GO THROUGH WITH ME. THERE IS NO HOPE OTHERWISE.

"Try all the same, Andre. You never know!"

I HAVE TRIED SEVEN TIMES ALREADY, was the typewritten reply I got to that.

"Andre! Try again, please!"

The answer this time gave me a flutter of hope, because no woman has ever understood, or will ever understand, how a man about to die can possibly consider anything funny.

I DEEPLY ADMIRE YOUR DELICIOUS FEMININE LOGIC. WE COULD GO ON DOING THIS EXPERIMENT UNTIL DOOMSDAY. HOWEVER, JUST TO GIVE YOU THAT PLEASURE, PROBABLY THE VERY LAST I SHALL EVER BE ABLE TO GIVE YOU, I WILL TRY ONCE MORE. IF YOU CANNOT FIND THE DARK GLASSES, TURN YOUR BACK TO THE MACHINE AND PRESS YOUR HANDS OVER YOUR EYES. LET ME KNOW WHEN YOU ARE READY.

"Ready Andre!" I shouted without even looking for the glasses and following his instructions.

I heard him moving around and then open and close the door of his "disintegrator." After what seemed a very long wait, but probably was not more than a minute or so, I heard a violent crackling noise and perceived a bright flash through my eyelids and fingers.

I turned around as the cabin door opened.

His head and shoulders still covered with the brown velvet carpet, Andre was gingerly stepping out of it.

"How do you feel Andre? Any difference?" I asked touching his arm.

He tried to step away from me and caught his foot in one of the stools which I had not troubled to pick up. He made a violent effort to regain his balance, and the velvet carpet slowly slid off his shoulders and head as he fell heavily backwards.

The horror was too much for me, too unexpected. As a matter of fact, I am sure that, even had I known, the horror-impact could hardly have been less powerful. Trying to push both hands into my mouth to stifle my screams and although my fingers were bleeding, I screamed again and again. I could not take my eyes off him, I could not even close them, and yet I knew that if I looked at the horror much longer, I would go on screaming for the rest of my life.

Slowly, the monster, the thing that had been my husband, covered its head, got up and groped its way to the door and passed it. Though still screaming, I was able to close my eyes.

I who had ever been a true Catholic, who believed in God and another, better life hereafter, have today but one hope: that when I die, I really die, and that there may be no after-life of any sort because, if there is, then I shall never forget! Day and night, awake or asleep, I see it, and I know that I am condemned to see it forever, even perhaps into oblivion!

Until I am totally extinct, nothing can, nothing will ever make me forget that dreadful white hairy head with its low flat skull and its two pointed ears. Pink and moist, the nose was also that

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FEMALES BY COLE: 36

Die-Hard

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of a cat, a huge cat. But the eyes! Or rather, where the eyes should have been were two brown bumps the size of saucers. Instead of a mouth, animal or human, was a long hairy vertical slit from which hung a black quivering trunk that widened at the end, trumpet-like, and from which saliva kept dripping.

I must have fainted, because I found myself flat on my stomach on the cold cement floor of the laboratory, staring at the closed door behind which I could hear the noise of Andre's typewriter.

Numb, numb and empty, I must have looked as people do immediately after a terrible accident, before they fully understand what has happened. I could only think of a man I had once seen on the platform of a railway station, quite conscious, and looking stupidly at his leg still on the line where the train had just passed.

My throat was aching terribly, and that made me wonder if my vocal chords had not perhaps been torn, and whether I would ever be able to speak again.

The noise of the typewriter suddenly stopped and I felt I was going to scream again as something touched the door and a sheet of paper slid from under it.

Shivering with fear and disgust, I crawled over to where I could read it without touching it:

NOW YOU UNDERSTAND. THAT LAST EXPERIMENT WAS A NEW DISASTER MY POOR HELENE. I SUPPOSE YOU RECOGNIZED PART OF DANDELO'S HEAD. WHEN I WENT INTO THE DISINTEGRATOR JUST NOW, MY HEAD WAS ONLY THAT OF A FLY. I NOW ONLY HAVE ITS EYES AND MOUTH LEFT. THE REST HAS BEEN REPLACED BY PARTS OF THE CAT'S HEAD. POOR DANDELO WHOSE ATOMS HAD NEVER COME TOGETHER. YOU SEE NOW THAT THERE CAN ONLY BE ONE POSSIBLE SOLUTION, DON'T YOU? I MUST DISAPPEAR. KNOCK ON THE DOOR WHEN YOU ARE READY AND I SHALL EXPLAIN WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO.

Of course he was right, and it had been wrong and cruel of me to insist on a new experiment. And I knew that there was now no possible hope, that any further experiments could only bring about worse results.

Getting up dazed, I went to the door and tried to speak, but no sound came out of my throat . . . so I knocked once!

You can of course guess the rest. He explained his plan in short typewritten notes, and I agreed, I agreed to everything!

My head on fire, but shivering with cold, like an automaton, I followed him into the silent factory. In my hand was a full page of explanations: what I had to know about the steam-hammer.

Without stopping or looking back, he pointed to the switchboard that controlled the steam-hammer as he passed it. I went no further and watched him come to a halt before the terrible instrument.

He knelt down, carefully wrapped the carpet round his head, and then stretched out flat on the ground.

It was not difficult. I was not killing my husband. Andre, poor Andre, had gone long ago, years ago it seemed. I was merely carrying out his last wish . . . and mine.

Without hesitating, my eyes on the long still body, I firmly pushed the "stroke" button right in. The great metallic mass seemed to drop slowly. It was not so much the resounding clang of the hammer that made me jump as the sharp cracking which I had distinctly heard at the same time. My hus . . . the thing's body shook a second and then lay still.

It was then I noticed that he had forgotten to put his right arm, his fly-leg, under the hammer. The police would never understand but the scientists would, and they must not! That had been Andre's last wish, also!

I had to do it and quickly, too; the night watchman must have heard the hammer and would be round any moment. I pushed the other button and the hammer slowly rose. Seeing but trying not to look, I ran up, leaned down, lifted and moved forward the right arm which seemed terribly light. Back at the switchboard, again I pushed the red button, and down came the hammer a second time. Then I ran all the way home.

You know the rest and can now do whatever you think right.

So ended Helene's manuscript.

• • •

The following day I telephoned Commissaire Charas to invite him to dinner.

"With pleasure, Monsieur Delambre. Allow me, however to ask: is it the Commissaire you are inviting, or just Monsieur Charas?"

"Have you any preference?"

"No, not at the present moment."

"Well then, make it whichever you like. Will eight o'clock suit you?"

Although it was raining, the Commissaire arrived on foot that evening.

"Since you did not come tearing up to the door in your black Citroen, I take it you have opted for Monsieur Charas, off duty?"

"I left the car up a side-street," mumbled the Commissaire with a grin as the maid staggered under the weight of his raincoat.

"*Merci*," he said a minute later as I handed him a glass of Pernod into which he tipped a few drops of water, watching it turn the golden amber liquid to pale blue milk.

"You heard about my poor sister-in-law?"

"Yes, shortly after you telephoned me this morning. I am sorry, but perhaps it was all for the best. Being already in charge of your brother's case, the inquiry automatically comes to me."

"I suppose it was suicide."

"Without a doubt. Cyanide the doctors say quite rightly; I found a second tablet in the unstitched hem of her dress."

"*Monsieur est servi*," announced the maid.

"I would like to show you a very curious document afterwards, Charas."

"Ah, yes. I heard that Madame Delambre had been writing a lot, but we could find nothing beyond the short note informing us that she was committing suicide."

During our tête-à-tête dinner, we talked politics, books and films, and the local football club of which the Commissaire was a keen supporter.

After dinner, I took him up to my study where a bright fire—a habit I had picked up in England during the war—was burning.

Without even asking him, I handed him his brandy and mixed myself what he called "crushed-bug juice in soda water"—his appreciation of whiskey.

"I would like you to read this, Charas; first because it was partly intended for you and, secondly, because it will interest you. If you think Commissaire Charas has no objection, I would like to burn it after."

Without a word, he took the wad of sheets Helene had given me the day before and settled down to read them.

"What do you think of it all?" I asked some 20 minutes later as he carefully folded Helene's manuscript, slipped it into the brown envelope, and put it into the fire.

Charas watched the flames licking the envelope from which wisps of gray smoke were escaping, and it was only when it burst into flames that he said, slowly raising his eyes to mine:

"I think it proves very definitely that Madame Delambre was quite insane."

For a long we watched the fire eating up Helene's "confession."

"A funny thing happened to me this morning, Charas. I went to the cemetery, where my brother is buried. It was quite empty and I was alone."

"Not quite, Monsieur Delambre. I was there, but I did not want to disturb you."

"Then you saw me . . ."

"Yes. I saw you bury a matchbox."

"Do you know what was in it?"

"A fly, I suppose."

"Yes. I had found it early this morning, caught in a spider's web in the garden."

"Was it dead?"

"No, not quite. I . . . crushed it . . . between two stones. Its head was . . . white . . . all white."

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HANDSOME STRANGER *(continued from page 58)*

JULIE DOLL
My pappy would turn in his grave.

ROMEO
Grave?! Your pappy is still livin', Julie Doll!

JULIE DOLL
Hah! You call this livin'? But speak up, Mister Romeo, wutchall wanta talk to me about?

ROMEO
Julie Doll, I can tell you're troubled . . . tormented . . . all twisted up inside. Because you're unloved, that's why. Because you think you're plain. Because you don't *believe* in yourself as a woman! But you *are* a woman! You gotta believe that!

JULIE DOLL
Well, it ain't been easy – of all the 75 population of this town, one is me, four is ole men, three is ole women, five is babies, 61 is decadent Southron writers and one is a hawg. Now you *know* them kind o' critters cain't do a strappin' gal like me no good.

ROMEO
(impulsively)
Let us seize the fleeting moment! *(He seizes the fleeting moment and then he seizes* JULIE DOLL. *But soon he breaks away, disturbed.)* No . . . I can't . . . not with *you.*

JULIE DOLL
What's wrong with me? *(Her slip has slithered all the way off and it is obvious to the veriest cretin that there isn't a thing wrong with her.)*

ROMEO
You're a Capulet! And I – *I am a Montague!*

JULIE DOLL
Aw shucks, feller, what's in a name? A rose by any other name would smell as sweet.

ROMEO
That's mighty purty! *Mighty* purty! *(Since he is staring fixedly at a point just under her collar bone, he may not be referring to her sudden flight of poesy.)*

JULIE DOLL
(looking offstage)
Uh-oh – heah comes Tom Tybalt. *(Enter* TOM TYBALT, *a large, leering, simian young man with a hairline that meets his eyebrows. He says nothing; merely paws* JULIE DOLL *in an offhand manner.)*

ROMEO
Julie Doll!! Who *is* this fellow? He's not an old man or an old woman. He sure isn't a baby. I don't *think* he's a hawg. Is he a decadent Southron writer?

JULIE DOLL
(giggling)
Shucks, no – he cain't even write his own name. He's jest my cousin, so he don't count.

ROMEO
Your cousin! But Julie Doll – he's takin' liberties with you!

JULIE DOLL
That's all right, Mister Romeo – I done took a few liberties with him now and then, too.

ROMEO
But, Julie Doll, that isn't fittin'!

JULIE DOLL
Oh, we fit tol'able well if we put our minds to it.

ROMEO
What I mean, Julie Doll – that is – you're such an innocent young girl, you don't realize – I mean, with your *cousin* . . .

TOM TYBALT
(slowly turning to ROMEO*)*
Yawl leave us'n be, stranger. Yawl don't cotton to our ways, yawl better *git.*

ROMEO
I'm damned if I will! *(He leaps at* TOM TYBALT; *there is a frenzied display of phony stage fisticuffs;* ROMEO *gets in a telling blow with his hickory stick;* TYBALT *falls, inert.)*

JULIE DOLL
Now you done it. *Now* you done it! You done killed Tom Tybalt!

ROMEO
I . . . I'm sorry . . .

JULIE DOLL
You're sorry! What about me? How'm I gonna believe in myself as a woman without ole Tom to he'p remind me now and then?

ROMEO
Julie Doll, I was hopin' you'd come away with *me.*

JULIE DOLL
You're right fetchin', Mister Romeo, but my pappy'd turn in his grave if I run off with one o' you dago Montague boys.

ROMEO
Dago isn't a nice word, Julie Doll.

JULIE DOLL
Shucks, honey-lamb, we done broke evvy other censorship regulation – why stop at thet? Don't you cotton to this outspoken realistic dialogue?

ROMEO
Does it matter? Like you said a minute ago, a rose by any other name . . . *(But he is interrupted by the* COLONEL, *who reappears suddenly.)*

COLONEL
There you be, son! Fifty rare ole Confederate dollars! Now start rainstoppin'. *(Notices* TOM TYBALT *lying in a puddle.)* Who's thet?

"And that $1,000 check we paid the author of 'My Life as a Forger' has been cleared through the bank – for $10,000."

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ROMEO

A vile traducer, sir, who was molestin' your daughter. I slew him.

COLONEL

Bully for you, son. Ain't *no*body can molest Julie Doll and get away with it, 'ceptin' members of the immediate family. Here: take yore money.

ROMEO

Sir — I don't want your money. I want your daughter!

COLONEL

Go ahead, what's stoppin' you?

ROMEO

I mean I want to take her away with me.

JULIE DOLL

Pappy will never stand for thet, Mister Romeo — would you, Pappy? How could Pappy believe in hisself as a man if I wasn't around to he'p remind him?

COLONEL

Shucks, child — you're fergettin' thet a couple o' them decadent Southron writers is gal-folks! Yore pappy will make out all right.

ROMEO

One more thing Colonel. I cannot tell a lie. My family name is — Montague!

COLONEL

Montague, Schmontague, what's in a name — jest so long as you can stop this confounded rain.

ROMEO

Now that you mention it, Colonel, that's another thing . . .

COLONEL

What's thet?

ROMEO

I'm a charlatan.

COLONEL

I thought you wuz a Sicilian.

ROMEO

You don't understand, Colonel. I'm a fake. I can't stop rain.

COLONEL

(after an awkward pause)

Son, you don't amount to much, do ye? What *are* you good for?

ROMEO

Well sir, that's a pretty tough question to answer. Let's just say that I'm a bringer of joy, a bearer of hope, a traveling Samaritan . . .

COLONEL

I thought you wuz a Charlatan.

ROMEO

. . . I bring a little love into lonely lives. I cause pinin' girls to believe in themselves as women. And, Colonel, I have been privileged to know a great truth.

COLONEL

What's thet, son?

ROMEO

Simply this: Verona, Tennessee (population, 75) —

JULIE DOLL

No, 74. You're fergettin' Tom Tybalt's daid.

ROMEO

— Verona, Tennessee doesn't need me. If your women-folk believed in themselves as women any more than they do now, this rain would turn to steam and blow away! Colonel, I bid you adieu. Julie Doll, the memory of your rustic beauty will live in my heart forever.

JULIE DOLL

A fine thing! Yawl come sashayin' into town, gettin' a young gal all hot and bothered, then you kill off the only excuse for a man the town's got, and go off and leave her with her motor runnin'!

ROMEO

(as he exits)

Julie Doll, a runnin' motor is the best anti-freeze there is. Farewell, honey! *(He is gone.)*

As the lights dim, COLONEL CAPULET *heads for the nearby writers' colony and* AUNT HYACINTH *starts picking dandelions again.* JULIE DOLL *returns to her crib and her thumb returns to her mouth. The rain grows heavier. The curtain falls. It is all very depressing. But remember — this is only the stage version! In the movie, it ends like this:*

ROMEO

Julie Doll, a runnin' motor is the best anti-freeze there is. But the next best is a strappin' young Samari — uh, charla — er, civ — *Sicilian!* Come — together we'll span the world with seven-league boots . . . on wings of song . . . on love's golden pinions . . . together we'll make our own marvelous magic. Tetragrammaton!

JULIE DOLL

Poontang!

COLONEL

(from the writers' colony)

New Directions!

AUNT HYACINTH

Nannieberries!

TOM TYBALT

Tippecanoe and Tyler Too!

JULIE DOLL

Mister Romeo — *look!* Yore magic words — they worked! The sun is shinin'! The rain done stopped!

JULIE DOLL *joins* ROMEO, *and they go off arm in arm, to the tune of "Shenandoah" which swells into stereophonic magnificence as everything slides down the audience's gullet, nice and greasy.*

• • •

Well, anyway, you get the general idea. Making allowances for the mongrel strain of Caldwell that crept in before I could stop it, the foregoing is a pretty fair mock-up of the American drama's latest conceit, as practiced by Messrs. Williams, Nash and Inge. Speaking of Caldwell, you should have been around the time I did *God's Little Acre* in iambic pentameter and tights. But that is another story.

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I love him...
I love his
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Daisies won't tell, but you can tell the world you're putting your best foot forward by stepping out with a MICROSHEEN shine.
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GRIFFIN MICROSHEEN STAIN BOOT POLISH

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BREAKING OF THE FAST *(continued from page 30)*

Haig & Haig. You may still want the kind of old-fashioned oatmeal that was started cooking the evening before and was then left to stand in the pot all night long to be reheated in the morning. If you live in a castle, you may want your oatmeal this way. Some people, as the rhyme tells us, like it nine days old. But do remember that we live in the age of one-minute oatmeal. You might try, however, the Scot's method of eating it, dipping his spoon first into the porridge bowl and then lowering it into another bowl of sweet cream before raising it to the mouth. The sensation of cold sweet cream and hot porridge is a classic among pleasures.

Thanks to the electric thermostat, a man can now become a griddle cake graduate in no time at all. The problem with griddle cakes since the time of King Alfred has been the temperature of the griddle. It's either too hot or too cold. One section may reach a temperature of 500° while another is 200°. If the griddle cakes are on the fire too long, they will become tough. If they are baked too little, they will be raw inside. If they are cooked too fast, the outsides will burn while the insides are still fluid. The old fashioned griddle iron with all of its eccentricities is now superseded by the new, thermostatically controlled, even-heating electric skillet. The same skillet is a perfect utensil for a wide variety of things from French toast to kidney stew. As a matter of fact, the modern breakfast chef's best helpmeet is the electric outlet with such confreres as the automatic coffeemaker, toaster, table broiler, juicer and waffle iron all ready and able at the cock-crowing hour.

Finally, we come to that all-important concomitant of the American breakfast, coffee. Details will be found in *The Cordial Cup of Coffee* (PLAYBOY, June 1955), but right here are some handy rules of thumb. Need we point out that weak coffee is an abomination? So, for that matter, is the brew which is overcooked, undercooked, served less than piping hot, or made with an inferior grade of coffee. There are fine coffeemakers on the market, thermostatically controlled for drip or percolator cookery, but do them the honor of correctly measuring grounds and water, starting with cold water (hot tap water is often tainted by the taste of metal pipes) and keeping the pots spotlessly clean between uses. Apropos that, the slightest trace of soap or detergent contaminates coffee and renders it unpotable, so treat your coffeemaker to several rinsings after each washing. If you live in an area where the water is hard, use distilled water for brewing. Some purists insist on it in any case.

Coffee cups, of course, should be preheated by dousing or dunking with hot water before being brought to the table. If you're going to decant the coffee from the cooker to a serving pot, preheat that with hot water, too. And if there's company for breakfast, have the consideration to serve separately rich cream *and* milk along with the coffee (the milk heated) so that everyone can blend them as preferred. (We ourselves think diluting fresh country cream with milk infra dig.)

Caveat for gourmets: the death of the best-prepared breakfast lurks in improper service. Toast on a cold plate is sweaty and luke warm; milk for drinking should be ice cold; griddle goodies brought to the table uncovered can't be consumed before they cool and should be served on pre-heated plates.

PLAYBOY's breakfast dishes, which follow, will help create your own good gustatory memories whether you eat at dawn, at nine A.M., or at noontime.

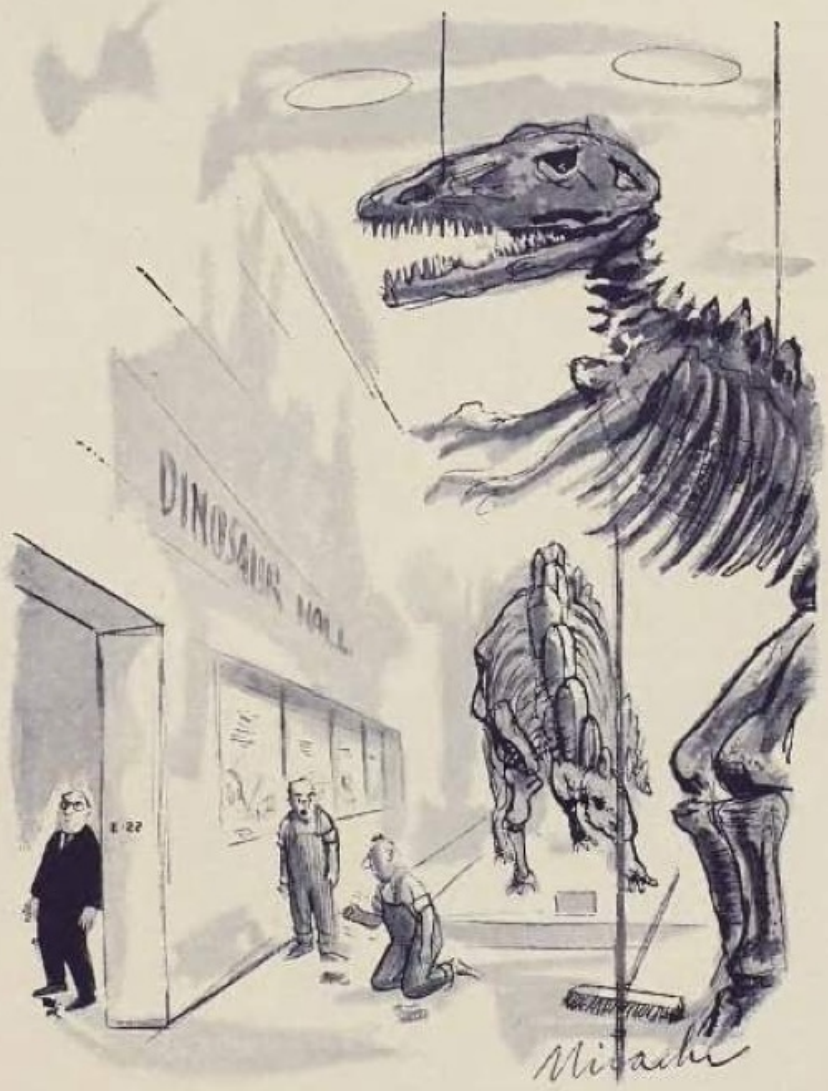
FRENCH TOAST, MOCHA SAUCE

(2 Portions)

The usual French toast is a rather limp affair sautéd in a griddle or shallow frying pan. Our version is crisper, lighter and browner because it's deep fried. Don't use the usual thin sliced white loaf in this recipe. Buy an unsliced loaf, at least a day old, and cut it into slices ¾-inch thick, after which carefully trim off the crust.

Deep fat for frying
4 slices white bread
2 eggs
Heavy cream
2 tablespoons cold water
⅛ teaspoon salt
⅓ cup white table syrup (such as Karo or Staley)
1 teaspoon instant powdered coffee

Heat the deep fat to 370°. If deep fat isn't available, melt fat to depth of one inch in a heavy skillet or in an electric skillet heated to 370° or until the first wisp of smoke appears in the fat. While the fat is heating, cut the



"Roll them bones!"

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slices of bread in half diagonally. Beat the eggs well. Combine beaten eggs with the ¼ cup heavy cream, cold water and salt. Mix well. Dip the bread in the egg mixture only long enough to moisten it through but not soaked to the breaking point. Lower the slices slowly into the hot fat. Turn to brown on both sides. It will brown quickly. In a small saucepan combine the white syrup, instant coffee and 2 tablespoons heavy cream. Heat over a moderate flame until bubbles appear around edge of saucepan. Pour sauce over the toast on serving plates.

GRIDDLE CAKES, MAPLE PECAN SYRUP

(2 Portions)

1 egg, well beaten
1 tablespoon sugar
⅔ cup milk
¼ cup salad oil
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
1 cup sifted self-rising cake flour
¼ cup maple syrup
3 tablespoons pecans, coarsely chopped
2 tablespoons butter

Set the griddle or the electric skillet to 400°. If you don't have a thermostatically controlled griddle, you should preheat the griddle iron and then test it for temperature before pouring the batter. The iron will be hot enough when a few drops of cold water sprinkled on it bounce around for a second or two and then disappear. Don't overgrease the griddle. Use a crumpled piece of paper towel to spread the fat in a light film on the griddle or use a piece of larding pork.

In a mixing bowl combine the beaten egg and sugar. Mix well. Add the milk, salad oil and lemon rind, mixing well. Gradually add the self-rising cake flour. Beat with a rotary egg beater or wire whisk until the batter is smooth. Pour the batter onto the pre-heated griddle iron, using a pitcher or ladle. Pour enough to make cakes about 4 inches in diameter. Turn to brown on both sides. But don't turn them until they are dull around the edge and bubbly in the center. Once turned, don't turn them again. In a small saucepan combine the maple syrup, pecans and butter. Heat over a slow flame until the butter melts. Reheat just before serving. Stack the griddle cakes on warm serving plates. Pour the hot syrup over the cakes.

BAKED KIPPERED HERRING IN CREAM

(2 Portions)

In America, the kippered herring put in cans are generally more tender and less salty than those sold individually at the fish counter. A 15-ounce tin will provide approximately four portions. Bake them, if possible, in a shallow earthen casserole or in a glass pie plate. Serve them at the table in the same container in order to keep them bubbly hot. Kippered herring may be served as a breakfast main course or as an accompaniment with scrambled eggs. In the latter case, the following two-portion recipe would be sufficient for four.

1 medium size onion
1 tablespoon butter
½ cup light sweet cream
1 tablespoon bread crumbs
2 kippered herring (4 half pieces of the split fish)
Paprika

Preheat oven to 450°. Cut the peeled onion in half lengthwise. Then cut crosswise into the thinnest possible slices. Melt the butter in a small saucepan. Add the onion. Sauté only until the onion turns light yellow. Add the cream and bring to a boil. Remove from the flame. Stir in the bread crumbs. Place the kippered herring, flesh side up, in a shallow casserole. Pour the hot sauce over the herring. Sprinkle lightly with paprika. Bake 10 minutes.

PROSCIUTTO, PINEAPPLE AND FRIED FARINA

(4 Portions)

You needn't be an Italian to appreciate the subtle and rich flavor of the ham called prosciutto. If you can't obtain prosciutto, you may substitute sliced boiled ham cut extremely thin on the slicing machine. Fried farina is similar to fried corn meal mush but the flavor is more bland. Maple syrup, honey or jelly should be served with the fried farina which must be cooked the night before it is served.

3 cups water
½ teaspoon salt
⅔ cup farina
Butter
No. 2 can pineapple spears or fingers
¼ lb. prosciutto sliced very thin
Flour

In a heavy saucepan, bring the water to a boil. Add the salt. Slowly add the farina, stirring constantly while it is added. Bring to a boil. Reduce flame very low and simmer 5 minutes. Add 2 tablespoons butter and stir until butter is melted. Grease a shallow 9-inch pie plate or any shallow container of similar size, and pour the hot farina into it. Let it cool to room temperature. Place it in the refrigerator overnight. Drain the pineapple well. Wrap a slice of prosciutto around each pineapple spear. Use two slices of ham if the slices are very small. Turn the pie plate upside down to unmold the farina. Cut the farina into finger shaped pieces. In a large skillet melt two tablespoons butter. Dip the farina into the flour. Sauté the farina and the ham-wrapped pineapple until brown. The farina may take slightly longer to brown than the ham. Add more butter to the pan if necessary to keep the farina from sticking. Serve at once while very hot. Sing one chorus of *Oh, What a Beautiful Morning* and sit down.

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(continued from page 54)

Because later on, if it turns out he is, he might take it out on me."

On the American Medical Association: "The A.M.A. has a big campaign going against faith healers. And that's a good thing. I don't think it's fair to say that the A.M.A. is basically against any cure that is rapid."

On "pay later" travel plans: "Well, the problem here is that when a lot of passengers get home, the trip is no longer real to them and they stop making payments. But now some of the travel agencies have worked out ways of repossessing the trip. If you're prestige-ridden, they can take the stickers off your luggage — see — which is the end. Or, if you're an incurable romantic, they can brainwash you, so you won't remember Paris."

On statesmanship: "He wanted to retaliate, but he didn't want to go to war because, you know, he's a sensible guy, and on the other hand, he didn't want to let it pass, because that's peace without honor, see, so he formed this kind of middle-of-the-road dynamic conservative progressive moderate kind of militant watchful competitive coexistent attitude."

On jazz LPs: "Some friends of mine cut this jazz LP. You know, you don't make jazz LPs in recording studios anymore — they're a corrupting influence — too, uh, contrived. So these guys recorded at the club where they play and they left the switch open all evening and they've got themselves a sort of *ever-playing* record. They're afraid it may not sell, because of its length, so they've decided to put a girl on the liner with a torn blouse — kind of an abundant girl, who will be tied up on a beam by the wrists, and a private detective will be whipping her. And they have this title which is good, which will sell, which is *Jazz James Dean Would Have Liked If He Had Liked Jazz.*"

On Norman Rockwell: "There's this magazine cover and it shows this kid getting his first haircut, you know, and a dog is licking his hand and his mother is crying and it's Saturday night in the old home town and people are dancing outside in the street and the Liberty Bell is ringing and, uh, did I miss anything?"

On Norman Vincent Peale: "He's a philosopher and he writes books like, uh, *Be Glad You're Mediocre* and, uh, *Be the First in Your Neighborhood to Admit Defeat* and like that — kind of humble kind of books."

On softcover books: "I read this book — it has a picture of Genghis Khan on the cover and this girl hanging on his horse with a torn blouse. And she's yelling to him about security, you know, and she wants him to get out of the service and settle down. He wants to conquer India, because he's out of his head, you know — running over — and, uh, they changed the title to help it sell. It's an old textbook. Has a red cover on it that says — *Here Is My Flesh.* And inside it says, 'Formerly published under the title *Introduction to Accounting.*'"

On hi-fi: "I dig it. Can't get too many crazy sounds. There's this one company, they don't record music, just sounds. Sports cars at Sebring, riveting on the Indiana toll road, mixing the cement, workers eating their lunch, stuff like that. They've got this one record of the New York Central train wreck that a lot of people rejoice over. But unless you're pretty far out on high fidelity, you really won't care too much for that one. It's really a screamer, you know. People falling out of the train, lots of moaning, and crying out stuff like, 'Where's my mother?' and like that. Kind of emotional, but are you really interested in sound or in source material?

"Of course, hi-fi costs. I know a guy who sunk $6000 into a system and still didn't have a speaker. Out in California where I live, a lot of the people don't dig the commercial speakers and prefer to build their own. Some folks tear the guts out of their pianos and use the shells and one guy even moved into his garage and was using the house with the windows open. Wonderful.

"Actually, records are kind of a drag. If you're a purist — are you a purist? I am — you're not really interested in records anyway. The big charge is to be able to turn on the pre-amp and watch the tubes come up, watch 'em light up, you know. Put a couple of pre-amps together and split the sound quadrinaurally and like that. With a jack in each ear? You know, 'Hello, Earth!' — that kind of thing. I dug this, but I had trouble because I lived in an apartment house. If you can, get your own meter with your rig. If you live in an apartment, the neighbors are always complaining. A lot of people don't understand the purity of sound — you know, a lot of squares living around you — and they get sore, you know. I finally got evicted. The landlady got wigged. Not because of the noise — I didn't own any records — but because whenever I'd turn up my rig, the street lights would dim."

Of such as these, then — the manners and mores, the fashions and foibles, the passions and prejudices of our time — is composed the free-form humor of Mort Sahl.

At a small table at Mr. Kelly's, between acts, we asked Sahl, good humoredly, what he wanted to be when he grew up. Sahl, who is pushing 30 (or, as he puts it, "ready to crash the sound barrier"), rubbed his jaw and said, "I think I'd like to get into show business."

Wonderful.

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ROCK 'n' ROLL

(continued from page 19)

which many are not yet accustomed.

Critics decry the violence with which audiences react to rock 'n' roll, but the same sort of emotional response greeted Benny Goodman when he played the Paramount Theatre in the late Thirties at the height of the swing craze, and crowds went wild during the recent international tour of Louis Armstrong. Norman Granz, impresario of the *Jazz at the Philharmonic* sessions, was forced to include a "How to Behave" section in his printed programs, because of the overly enthusiastic reactions of some of his audiences. To this extent, rock 'n' roll seems no different from most of the several recognized schools of jazz.

Some grumble about the intellectual level of rock 'n' roll and point to the pre-kindergarten titles like *Tweedle Dee Dee* and *Tra La La*, but what about such jazz gobbledygook as Diz's *Oop-Bop-Sh-Bam*, *Oo-Pa-Pa-Da* and *Ool-Ya-Koo?* And who can forget Ella Fitzgerald's bopped up version of *Flying Home?* Was it jazz? You bet it was. The nonsense lyric has been a part of jazz from the very beginning.

What about the performers of r 'n' r? Do they have any recognized standing in the jazz field? Many were almost unknown before the rock 'n' roll craze, but the record shows that some men previously associated with top jazz groups have entered the field: Al Sears, a tenor man with Duke Ellington, is an r 'n' r favorite today; Sam "The Man" Taylor, bandleader for Alan Freed and his r 'n' r stage shows, once blew with Cab Calloway, Lucky Millinder and Cootie Williams; no less a musician than Lionel Hampton has been playing a brand of "jazz" of late that comes out strangely like rock 'n' roll (on an international tour, one Dutch newspaper gave this report of a riot at the strait-laced Amsterdam Concertgebouw: ". . . audience wildly prancing, flinging arms, screaming . . . saxophonist lying on back during solo, copulates with his shimmering instrument . . . two blackbooted city cops grab Hampton, take him offstage into dressing room. 'What did I do? Arrested for jazzing,' he moans. 'Call the ambassador.' "); and the Count Basie band, one of the greatest of all time, was a regular feature on Freed's CBS network radio show for a spell. Obviously, rock 'n' roll is somehow related to jazz and the ranks of r 'n' r do indeed boast some authentic jazzmen.

The relationship is the more undeniable when we consider the common origin of the names "jazz" (originally spelled *jass*) and "rock 'n' roll." Both are frankly sexual. Forty years ago, there was a ditty that went, "Jazz me, come on professor and jazz me . . ." and not too long after there was one that ran, "My daddy rocks me with a steady roll . . ." and both mean exactly what you think they mean.

So far, in presenting the case for rock 'n' roll as a jazz form in good standing, we've concentrated on what are – after all – peripheral questions. The heart of the matter is jazz *music*, and the question of whether rock 'n' roll can be considered to be part of its fabric. A brief backward glance at the history of the art will demonstrate the close relationship.

What was early jazz like? Well, basically it was a heady blend of ragtime – usually fast, syncopated piano music – and blues, which, fundamentally, is folk music linked strongly with such typical Americana as *Frankie and Johnny*. This music began around the turn of the century on plantations in the South and in honky-tonk cabarets up and down the East Coast and in most of the eastern United States. By the time of the first World War, ragtime and the blues had synthesized, and New Orleans pioneers like Armstrong and Kid Ory and King Oliver began to weave the first valid orchestral jazz into shape; soon white musicians followed suit with the Original Dixieland Jazz Band and the New Orleans Rhythm Kings.

The 1920s saw the burgeoning of both vocal and instrumental blues, the expansion of instrumental jazz from purely improvised Dixieland into bigger band and orchestral patterns, and the consolidation of jazzdom's instrumental clan – trumpets, trombones, clarinets, saxes, piano, guitar, bass, drums. During the 1930s, Tin Pan Alley, dance music and big-band jazz fused to give birth to the swing era: Goodman, Dorsey and Shaw paralleled the achievements of Ellington, Lunceford and Basie, and the swing style of jazz, a sophisticated blend of orchestration and improvisation, reached a big segment of the general public. The 1940s brought a still higher degree of searching musicianship among jazzmen, and with it, the experiments that led to a new and complex extension of jazz called bebop. This, in turn, blended into a more relaxed approach to jazz in which the heavy, hot-jazz accents of the Dixieland days ceded to a behind-the-beat, cool jazz approach.

And then came rock 'n' roll. Or did it? Wasn't it really there all along, masquerading under other names?

Back when phonograph records were yowling, lo-fi infants, beginning around 1923, there was a category of performance that was recorded specifically for a segregated market. It was known then as Race Music and some of its exponents were singers like Bessie Smith, Ma Rainey and Mamie Smith, and instrumentalists like Fletcher Henderson and James P. Johnson. Most of these artists were later accepted, in fact hotly embraced, by the jazz cultists.

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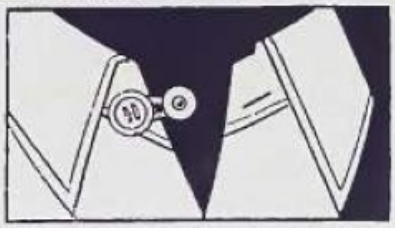

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Race Music underwent a subtle change in character; by the time it switched its name in the early Forties and began to call itself rhythm-and-blues, it had assumed a variety of fascinating shapes.

As with other kinds of entertainment of Negro origin, rhythm-and-blues picked up white performers and audiences and its still newer tag, rock 'n' roll, began to take on many of the characteristics of the popular song hit (via Tin Pan Alley), both in material and approach. The phrase rock 'n' roll, then, has only acquired a generic connotation in recent years. By the time this stage had been reached, there were (and still are) basically three different brands of this type of music, each of which bears a different, but distinct, relationship to jazz.

First, there's the instrumental kind of r 'n' r, which varies from funky, hard-driving blues played on Hammond organs, electric guitars and other shock instruments all the way through to the honking, shirtless, blowing-tenor-while-lying-on-back type of saxophonist who has become, to some, the symbol of all rock 'n' roll. Despite Lionel Hampton's protestations, this is a nether form of jazz. Much of the music played is harmonically simple, based on such dyed-in-the-wool chord textures as *I got Rhythm* and the 12-bar blues, but performed with few of the subtle nuances through which modern jazzmen can sublimate them.

Very well, you may say; but if there's such a big difference, how come Basie's band was featured regularly on a rock 'n' roll show?

The answer, alas, shows all too clearly the source of the difference. After not too many weeks, Basie's band was dropped from the program on the grounds that it "didn't have the right kind of beat" and a band led by Sam "The Man" Taylor took over. What Basie lacked, what Sam Taylor had, was the pile-driving rhythm, the sledge-hammer accent on the second and fourth beat of the bar, that is administered to rock 'n' roll addicts as shock therapy. Basie also lacked the kind of tenor saxes that latch onto one note and honk it into the ground. His tenor men blew while sitting on chairs, and never removed their shirts during a chorus. Sam Taylor, despite his jazz background, has altered his style enough to accommodate r 'n' r demands.

Taylor defends the thwacking beat of rock 'n' roll and says he enjoys his work. "A lot of people have knocked it," he says, "because some of the artists are poor instrumentalists. It's not the music that's bad, it's the performers." This is an interesting, if somewhat left-handed, defense.

The second type of rock 'n' roll is exemplified by the solo vocalist. When he's a ballad singer, or a blues singer who elects to sing ballads, he's usually a pretty sad sounding sack. But when he sings the earthy, gutsy blues it's quite another story. Now he's going back home, to the cotton fields and the chain gangs of the Old South, to the very birth and roots of jazz.

Men like Joe Turner and Little Richard, women like Ruth Brown and Big Maybelle, in their truer, bluer moments, are indeed first cousins of the Leadbellys and Bessie Smiths of yesteryear.

One of the better artists in this category is Elvis Presley, whose posturings have been publicized so widely that the musical issues involved have been entirely lost in the hassle. On some of his records, there are distinct echoes of Joe Turner and Bill Crudup, whom he acknowledges as his major influences. His singing is a weird, but sometimes tasty, cocktail of country-and-western, rhythm-and-blues, jazz and folk music origins.

In Presley's case, and in those of most solo vocalists in this field, the material performed is as important as the performer. And the great majority of it comes from the alley called Tin Pan.

The third brand of rock 'n' roll is the music produced by vocal groups. What can you possibly say about the Blenders, the Comets, the Flairs, the Flamingos, the Cleftones, the Willows, the Valentines, the Colts, the Coasters, the Cardinals and the 444,444 vocal quartets that have sprung up since rock 'n' roll became a national fact?

You might start by recalling the case of the famous jazz drummer who decided to jump on the rocking, rolling bandwagon. To quote one of his sidemen, "We got a big band together, and a vocal group. But it wasn't an easy session; the vocal group was composed of good singers, so at first they couldn't get the authentic sound. It took quite a while to get them to sing out of tune."

But it's not only how they sing, it's also *what* they sing. There's the story about the jazzman who sat in a song publisher's office listening to the latest rock 'n' roll hit. "Isn't it amazing," asked the publisher, "to think that a song like that was written by a 13-year-old boy?" "Frankly, yes," replied the musician dryly, "I thought a song like that would have been written by a *six*-year-old boy."

So far, then, it looks as if a consideration of the three major manifestations of rock 'n' roll adds up to this: an indubitable connection with jazz, but one akin to that of the disreputable relative, or the skeleton in the jazz-family closet. And, as is so often the case with a frowned-upon fringe member of a group, the best in rock 'n' roll gets blamed for errors it didn't commit. Thus, a potential hit, just as it is helping to bring one of the better rock 'n' roll artists to prominence, is gobbled up by a performer or group that has easier access to mass communication media

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has readier acceptance on TV, radio and jukeboxes, and consequently takes the play away from the original, superior version. For example, Bill Haley's Comets outsold by far, with a pop version of *Shake, Rattle and Roll*, the excellent and jazz-valid job previously issued by Joe Turner; Pat Boone made a big hit out of Fats Domino's *Ain't That a Shame* and Lavern Baker has continuously lost out to Georgia Gibbs, a girl who brazenly copied not only the Baker vocal style but the entire arrangements on several big hits that both have recorded.

Now — and now, only — we're ready to arrive at some conclusions about rock 'n' roll and its place in the total jazz picture. While it is undeniably true that rock 'n' roll sinks its roots in the authentic rhythm-and-blues era of jazz history, it is, for the most part, a bastardized, commercialized, debased version of it. Its main appeal is to adolescent rebellion and insecurity. The original rhythm-and-blues expressed as best it could the honest, and often bitter, outpourings of a kicked-around people toward sex, work, money and similar basic facts of life. Rock 'n' roll, on the other hand, is ground out of Tin Pan Alley with an automatic crank — low-grade rhythm songs based on elementary harmonic patterns; and ballads, most of which are shoddy, amateurish reproductions of some of the poorer tunes of the pop music field. It is successful because of its heart-on-sleeve sentimentality on the slower numbers, and the steam-roller incisiveness of the beat on the faster ones. It has thoroughly lost the wit and irony and sorrow and poetry and naked emotionalism that might have given it a valid reason for being. It is esthetically impoverished. As for the departure of certain jazz musicians into the current rock 'n' roll field, the reason is clear: they can make a good, steady living at it.

Though rock 'n' roll has produced some Bo Diddleys and Joe Turners and Ruth Browns, by and large, most of it bears the same relationship to jazz that wrestling does to boxing. The distress felt by fellow musicians and fans on finding jazz artists working in rock 'n' roll bands is exactly comparable with the reaction of fight fans to the sight of Joe Louis in the wrestling ring.

Man has evolved from lower forms of animal life and in this, he shares a common origin with the monkey. In the same way, authentic jazz and rock 'n' roll are related. But from its original ragtime beginnings — through dixieland, swing, bop, progressive and cool — jazz, like man, has learned to walk erect and speak with intelligence. Rock 'n' roll shares a common beginning with jazz, but it has evolved no further than the primitive, gibbering ape.

ONE FOR THE BOOK

(continued from page 48)

ing else. (Maybelle is strictly a broad.) Besides, what I got in mind is before we start the picture to find out what star is going to play the femme lead, then to romance her and when we get plenty of newspaper breaks, maybe we can inject the romance in the picture which would be good showmanship. Leastwise, that's my opinion. So you see, Ted why any revenues other than besides what comes in from the book must be reserved strictly for me. Believe me Ted am not being a "greedy gut." Just stating the facts, ma'm, just the facts.

Please Ted, I want you should seriously consider this here "proposition" which is the same equivalent like considering inherriting a gold-mine which this could easy be. Don't think Ted I am just some type "ham" which desires to get himself some publicity. Believe me that is furthest from my thoughts because Pinky will personally tell you himself that I never hound him and never bother him with the "Yes but what have you done for me lately" bit? Not me, chum. I abwhore the publicity hound like he was poison and assure you my hat-band is the same size like when I first commenced wearing same.

Teddy, old boy, I wish you would advice me as quick as you can what you think of this here deal and your reaction to same on account time is of the essence. Figure the whole thing could be knocked off in no time flat being I got loads of scrapbooks, reviews from my club dates, theatre presentations, television show comments and such, just stacks galore you could wade through at your hearts' content, plus I'd be only too happy to be available to talk things over and you can get any and all information direct from the horse's mouth like they say. Also if you desire same, can give you a list of my pals, managers, club owners and such as well as a list of the people I wish you positively will *not* consult in any way, namely my two ex-wives and I don't want my brother should be mentioned at all being his only claim to me is that we both happened to of had the same parents. Otherwise nothing.

And now like the man says on my show — this is that clown prince of fun signing off.

Your "life" partner,

JERRY COLLINS.

P.S. Am writing this letter personally. Realise the English and spelling don't come in the English professor category but then the English professors' dough don't come in my category. So what? Right?

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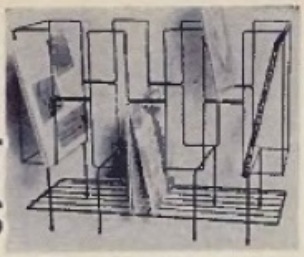

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CONTOUR CONTACT

(continued from page 24)

in the office, with his face buried in a girl's neck. It happened that this particular man had entertained secret thoughts of doing the same thing, had tried it, and been acidly told to keep his distance. What was Bill's technique? Well, this girl uses a perfume which is real wolf bait. Bill is hip enough to know that most girls apply perfume behind the ears. His technique with this one was to go near to her, tilt his head and dilate his nostrils, and say, "Jeanette, you smell absolutely irresistible. What *is* that perfume? Let me get a whiff of it close." And by that time he was in blissful C.C. with the damsel's neck.

Bill's technique, then, is to select some outstanding characteristic, one which he believes a girl is conscious of and proud of, and to be frankly flattering about it.

But technique alone isn't the way to the full enjoyment of C.C. Attitude, approach *and* technique are required. Given these, any man may revel in C.C., the sport which knows no season, needs no special equipment, doesn't depend on the weather, and can be played indoors or out.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES ON PAGE 32

MARITAL MACHINATIONS. By walking. Victor saved 15 minutes driving time (since they arrived at Vivian's 15 minutes earlier than usual) or 7½ minutes in each direction from the point where he was picked up to their customary rendezvous point and back again. Vivian, therefore, met him 7½ minutes before the appointed time. Since Victor started walking one hour before the appointed time, he walked a total of 52½ minutes.

A BRIMMING SAGA. Harry correctly figured he'd keep pouring until the surface of the water simultaneously touched one edge of the brim and the opposite junction of bottom and side.

AN OXONIAN TRAGEDY. Wendy decided that if V = Peter's speed in still water and C = speed of the current, then V − C is his speed upstream and V + C his speed downstream. Thus, when she went overboard, they began separating at (V − C) + C = V. When Peter turned, he went V + C, Wendy continuing at C, so he approached her at (V + C) − C = V. Since their parting and reunion were at the same speed, he must have expended the same time on both, or 10 minutes on each. So Wendy drifted one mile in 20 minutes, or a speed of three mph, which is not bad for a young girl who's not really giving it the old college try.

PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

Even the most dedicated urbanite owes it to himself to shake the dust of the city from his feet now and then, and what better time than summer to do it? And what better way to do it than really to get far, far from the maddening crowd? These are rhetorical questions; our recipe for the happiest affirmative answers follows.

During the steaming dog days of July and August, you'll get a charge out of poking around untrod wilds, and there are few days to savor it better than a canoe junket through virgin lakes in the Quetico-Superior Wilderness, where outfitters will supply all equipment and grub at a sensible $6 a day per person. Alaska, too, can't be beat during the hot spells, and August is the month for the Seward salmon derby to boot. Tack on a four-day jaunt up the white-water canyons of the Stikine from the tiny gold rush settlement of Wrangell aboard the riverboat Judith Ann. Stay at the Diamond B ranch near Telegraph Creek or, if you haven't got the time, speed back down river for a scant $60 round trip.

If you can't suppress a midsummer yen to don skis and goggles again, we suggest you point yourself toward South America. August means schussing down Andean slopes, and resort rates in Chile and Argentina range from $30 to $40 a week — with meals. If you prefer an all-expense romp, try Panagra's three-week job by air from Miami that includes 18 days of skiing at Chile's ultra-swank Portillo Club for around $800. But you don't have to go that far: year-round snow on Oregon's Mount Hood is one at-home answer for the insatiable schussboomer. Timberline Lodge offers a three-day deal for two ski-bunnies — room, meals, unlimited use of tows and lifts — for $78.

New England in the summer is cooler than most spots, and you can't go wrong in the Massachusetts Berkshires: you'll want to take in Ted Shawn's annual dance festival at East Lee, the al fresco music at Tanglewood and the costumed artists' ball the third week in August at Provincetown at the tip of Cape Cod. New England, of course, is the center of swank straw-hat theatre, too. Another summer paradise is Grand Manan island in the Bay of Fundy, where it's tough to spend more than $6 or $7 a day for the lush, lazy life.

—PATRICK CHASE

For further information on any of the above, write to Playboy Reader Service, 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Illinois.

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FATHER, DEAR FATHER

JOHN HELD JR.

THE MONTH OF JUNE brings with it delights galore, and among these is the dubious delight dubbed Father's Day. On June 16th, papas from coast to coast are showered with mustache cups, hand-painted neckties, mink-lined tobacco pouches, complete recordings of *Parsifal* and other of life's bare necessities. Fellows: why not keep your paters young at heart with the perfect gift this year—a three year subscription to PLAYBOY! Girls: frighten your boyfriends with Father's Day subscriptions, too. They'll love you the more, once their hearts have returned from their throats.

NEXT MONTH

Come aboard for PLAYBOY's pictorial yachting party! We anchor in a secret cove . . . sip iced drinks while we watch the girls dive overside in their next-to-nothings . . . anoint them with fragrant oil when they sun-bathe beside us . . . loll in the cockpit while darkness comes over the water . . . enjoy dancing and drinking and other delights on deck and below. You're as good as there with this eight-page, full-color picture story. There's other fine fare in the June cargo, too: a gaily cynical story for sophisticates by Harvey Swados . . . a masterpiece of the Gothic macabre by Gerald Kersh . . . satire by William Iversen . . . and a cartoon report from Sweden by Shel Silverstein. So man the halyards, trim the sheets and sail into a yare summer issue.

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Here's a list of the men's wear stores, luggage shops and travel agencies that are joining in PLAYBOY's Spring Promotion "For the Man Going Places." They are all prepared to get you started on your way in style and comfort.

ALABAMA:
BIRMINGHAM—Bloch's
GADSDEN—Saks Clothing
WINFIELD—Grayson Hill's

ARIZONA:
DOUGLAS—Coleman's
PHOENIX—Cahill World Travel Serv.
Hanny's Varsity Shop
TEMPE—Boston Store
TUCSON—Dave Bloom & Sons

ARKANSAS:
SEARCY—Curtis Walker Men's Store

CALIFORNIA:
BAKERSFIELD—Casper's Men's Store
COLTON—Willets
DALY CITY—Ray-Al's
EAGLE ROCK—Roberts
LOS ANGELES—Worth Ltd.
OCEANSIDE—Howerd's Men's Wear
POMONA—World Travel Bureau
REDONDO BEACH—Globe Trotters
SAN DIEGO—Rocky's Sportswear
SAN FRANCISCO—Bruce Bary
Howard's Clothing
SAN JOSE—Mosher's for Men
UKIAH—MacNab's
VAN NUYS—Neal's Men's Wear

COLORADO:
COLORADO SPRINGS—Robbins on the Corner
DENVER—Morris Alpert
May Company
Patton's Men's Shop
Tie Rack Store
PUEBLO—Day-Jones

CONNECTICUT:
BRIDGEPORT—Barry's
Ben Leer
Reichert's University Shop
HARTFORD—Ben Abrams
Cripps Men's Wear
Slossberg's Campus Shop
MILFORD—The Town Squire Ltd.
NEW HAVEN—Russo's Travel Agency
NEW LONDON—Kaplan's Travel Bur.

DELAWARE:
SMYRNA—Wootten's Clothing Store
WILMINGTON—Leeds Men's Wear

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA:
Bell Clothes
Lee Dechter's
Gotkin
Bruce Hunt
University Shop
Young Men's Shop

FLORIDA:
COCOA—Sydnor's
CORAL GABLES—The Dinghy
HOLLYWOOD—Brooks Travel Service
KEY WEST—Richman Fashions
WINTER HAVEN—Gentree

ILLINOIS:
BARRINGTON—Phillips Men's Wear
BENSENVILLE—Tioga Toggery
CHAMPAIGN—Pat Kane
Redwood & Ross
CHICAGO—Harry J. Arkin
Beeson's Ivy Shop
D & G Clothes
Davey Dey Luggage Shop
Dal Degan's Calif. Casuals
Devin-Klein
Tom Hynes
H. C. Lyttons
Madison Luggage
Pleasure Tours
Rosen's Men's Wear
CHILLICOTHE—Mennering's
EVANSTON—Selig's
GLENVIEW—Rugen Stores
HARVEY—Marks Toggery
Weiser Men's Store
MELROSE PARK—Cobey's
QUINCY—Schemmings
ROCKFORD—La Bob Company
ST. CHARLES—Charles A. Locke
SPRINGFIELD—Roberts Brothers
WAUKEGAN—Lindberg Men's Shop
WINNETKA—The Fell Company
ZION—Lovingers

INDIANA:
BLOOMINGTON—Redwood & Ross
Sullivan's
EAST CHICAGO—Blumenthal's
FORT WAYNE—King's—A&I
HAMMOND—Hoosier Travel Agency
Modern Tailors
Two Legs
INDIANAPOLIS—Hudson's Men's Wear
Squire Shop
Village Men's Shop
KOKOMO—Ralph Golightly
The Niche
MUNCIE—Steck's
RICHMOND—Loehr & Klute
SOUTH BEND—Gilberts
VALPARAISO—George Neeley's
Solberg's Men's & Boys' Wear
VINCENNES—Alberts

IOWA:
AMES—Jameson's
BETTENDORF—Milton's Men's Store
CEDAR RAPIDS—Bremers Town & Country
DES MOINES—Ove's Toggery
IOWA CITY—Stephens

KANSAS:
HUTCHINSON—First Nat'l Travel Agcy.
Wiley's
MANHATTAN—Travel Unlimited
SALINA—R & S Men's Shop
TOPEKA—Cunningham-Shields

KENTUCKY:
LOUISVILLE—Louis Appel Company
Lad-N-Dad Shop
Levy Bros.
PADUCAH—Jules Men's Shop

LOUISIANA:
ALEXANDRIA—The Fair
NATCHITOCHES—Nichols D. G. Co.

MARYLAND:
ANNAPOLIS—Walter Brewer's
Herbert's Men's Shop
BALTIMORE—ABG Clothiers
Arnold's
Jeffrey's
Frank Leonard University Shop
London Shops
Raymond's Style Stores
Reamer's of Pimlico
COLLEGE PARK—Herbie Kaye's

MASSACHUSETTS:
BOSTON—Jack Lipton
BROOKLINE—Lee Elliots Men's Wear
CLINTON—Gould's Men's Shop
GREENFIELD—Bartlett's
LOWELL—A. G. Pollard Company
Russell's of Lowell
LYNN—The Pant Shop
NEEDHAM—Perlin's
PITTSFIELD—Rosenfeld's
SPRINGFIELD—A. O. White

MICHIGAN:
ANN ARBOR—Tice & Wren
BENTON HARBOR—Pollyee Men's and Prep Wear
BIRMINGHAM—Princeton Prep Shop
DEARBORN—Royal Clothes
DETROIT—Chatham Men's Wear
Harpurs
Paul's Stag Shop
Princeton Shop
Todd's Clothes
EAST LANSING—Redwood & Ross
FLINT—David Alan
Crawford & Zimmerman
Cliff Sackrider
Roberts Ltd.
KALAMAZOO—Kalamazoo Pant Co.
The Men's Toggery
LUDINGTON—Schneider's
MONROE—Behner Travel Agency

MINNESOTA:
MINNEAPOLIS—The College Shop
Al Johnson
ST. PETER—Mark and Jerry's
VIRGINIA—Palace Clothing Company

MISSISSIPPI:
CLEVELAND—"Tobe" Kaplan
MERIDIAN—Alex Loeb

MISSOURI:
FULTON—Tutt's Men's Wear
ST. JOSEPH—Ed Cowman Custom Shop
ST. LOUIS—The Dad & Lad Shop

MONTANA:
BUTTE—Weins Clothing Store
CUT BANK—Larson's Men's Wear

NEBRASKA:
LINCOLN—Magee's
Ben Simon
Wells & Frost
OMAHA—Harvey Bros.
Marvin's for Men
SOUTH OMAHA—Phillips Dept. Store

NEW HAMPSHIRE:
HANOVER—Dartmouth Travel Bureau
SOMERSWORTH—Charpentier's

NEW JERSEY:
ATLANTIC—ABC Luggage Shop
BRIDGETON—Pete's Men's Store
CAMDEN—Camden Travel Service
Kotlikoff's
FREEHOLD—The Fair
HADDONFIELD—Finney Wood's
HIGHLAND PARK—Bensons Men's Shop
IRVINGTON—Parkway Men's Shop
LINDEN—Linden Travel Bureau
MERCHANTVILLE—Park Avenue Haberdashery
NEWARK—Hartdegen
Manzi's
NEW BRUNSWICK—Luke's Univ. Shop
PATERSON—Paul Geller Company
RIDGEWOOD—Puritz Waterhouse Ltd.
SHORT HILLS—William Budd Ltd.
SUMMIT—J. B. Stone Ltd.
TEANECK—Libbys
TRENTON—Croyden Men's Shop
UNION—Lloyd Exchange
UNION CITY—Hudson Tailoring Co.
VINELAND—Vineland Travel Agency

NEW MEXICO:
LAS CRUCES—Jay Drasman
SANTA FE—Moore's

NEW YORK:
AMSTERDAM—DePalma's
AUBURN—Egberts Men's Shop
BALDWINSVILLE—Decker's
BETHPAGE—H. Fink
BINGHAMTON—Bates-Troy
Binghamton Leather Company
BRONX—Hirsch Hatter
BROOKLYN—Alley's Creative Clothes
Bencroft Hatters
Hall Travel Service
Neil's
Reiss Men's Wear
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BUFFALO—Mastur's
Riverside Men's Shop
CANTON—Canton Men's Wear
CORNING—Monene's
FLUSHING—Affiliated Travel Service
State Pants Stores
FREEPORT—Harrees Men's Store
GENEVA—Casey & Son Men's Shop
HEMPSTEAD—Sager's
HORNELL—Murray Stevens
HUNTINGTON STATION—Cooper's
JAMESTOWN—Eckman's Leather Store
JOHNSON CITY—George's Men's Shop
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KINGSTON—The Men
LONG BEACH—Weinberg's
MONTICELLO—Frank's Sportswear
NEW ROCHELLE—Frost Men's Shop
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Columbia Tours
Buddy Lee
Lever & Greenberg
Lew's Pants Stores
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Mildan
J. Schleman
Sir George Ltd.
ONEIDA—Marshall Hope
STATEN ISLAND—Max Garber's Men's Town
WANTAGH—Tedwards Men's Shop
WOODMERE—Joel-Allen
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The Quality Shop
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SALISBURY—Zimmerman's
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NORTH DAKOTA:
GRAND FORKS—Wilson's Clothing

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AKRON—Carlton's Clothes
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London Shop
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MARYSVILLE—Otte's
MEDINA—Morton & Lotz
OXFORD—Young's College Shop
SANDUSKY—Jump's
SHAKER HEIGHTS—The Oxford Shop
SHELBY—Oscar's
SIDNEY—Stewart's
TOLEDO—Lion Store

OKLAHOMA:
ENID—Grays
Trego's
NORMAN—Harold's
PONCA CITY—Smitty's B & M
STILLWATER—Caldwell Travel Agency
WOODWARD—Trego's

OREGON:
EUGENE—Bill Baker's Men's Wear
Gregory's
PORTLAND—Bradford's Broadway
The Clothes Horse
Miller's for Men
SALEM—Hewitt's

PENNSYLVANIA:
CHAMBERSBURG—Lyons
CHESTER—Murrays
CHESWICK—Sam Caruso Men's Wear
HANOVER—Greenebaum's
HUNTINGDON—Ray English Store
INDIANA—Leon's Men's Wear
Waxler's
LANCASTER—Filling Men's Shops
LEBANON—The Hub
LEWISTOWN—Bob Davis
McKEESPORT—G. C. Murphy Company
MEADVILLE—Weldon
MYERSTOWN—E. H. Heiland Sons
NEW CASTLE—Lester's Men's Wear
PHILADELPHIA—Brait's
Finney's Manhattan Store
Globe Travel Service
Irving's
Lawson Clothes
Martoni Tailors
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Varsity Shop
Wm. H. Wanamaker
Wilson's Clothing
PITTSBURGH—Frank Men's Wear
Leftees Ltd.
READING—John Mazzo Creations
Seltzers Men's Shop
RIDGWAY—Smith Bros. Company
STATE COLLEGE—Kalins
WILKES-BARRE—Louis Rosenthal

RHODE ISLAND:
PROVIDENCE—John Betz Esquire
Paramount
Richards Clothes
Rochester Clothes
WAKEFIELD—Larry Roche Ltd.

SOUTH CAROLINA:
BEAUFORT—Schein's
CHARLESTON—Lesser-Tanenbaum
Taylor's
COLUMBIA—Grayson's
GREENVILLE—Esquire Shops for Men
GREENWOOD—Lindsey's
Rosenberg Clo. & Shoe Co.
SPARTANBURG—Prices' Store for Men

SOUTH DAKOTA:
LEAD—John C. Finola
RAPID CITY—Walsh Men's Wear
VERMILLION—The Clothing Cupboard

TENNESSEE:
BRISTOL—Bank Street Men's Shop
CHATTANOOGA—Tennessee Valley Travel Agcy.
CLARKSVILLE—Watson & Jobe
KNOXVILLE—Ware & Ware

TEXAS:
KINGSVILLE—Raglands
LONGVIEW—Lanier's
PORT NECHES—Nights

UTAH:
PROVO—Hoover's

VIRGINIA:
ALEXANDRIA—Windsor Men's Shop
FALLS CHURCH—Wilson's
KILMARNOCK—Dunaway's
LEXINGTON—The College Town Shop
LYNCHBURG—Holiday Travel Bureau
MARTINSVILLE—Ted's Men's Shop
NORFOLK—Sullivans
Toppers
RICHMOND—Goda's Men's Shop
Newman's
ROANOKE—Heironimus of Roanoke
SOUTH BOSTON—Fuller's
SUFFOLK—David's
WILLIAMSBURG—Frazier-Graves Co.
Williamsburg Shop

WEST VIRGINIA:
LOGAN—Logan Mercantile Company

WISCONSIN:
LADYSMITH—Ditmanson's
MADISON—Redwood & Ross
MILWAUKEE—Arnold's Clothiers
Brill's
Quality Clothiers
John Walker Stores
OCONOMOWOC—Snyders

ALASKA:
SITKA—Russell's Store for Men

BERMUDA:
HAMILTON—The English Sports Shop

CANADA:
CALGARY, ALBA.—Al Regen Ltd.
HAMILTON, ONT.—Lou Davidson Ltd.
Lucas & King Ltd.
LACHUTE, QUEBEC—Jos. Mafaket & Sons
OAKVILLE, ONT.—Henry Kalmus Ltd.
REGINA, SASK.—Mac & Mac Ltd.
TORONTO, ONT.—Perry's Men's Wear

ENGLAND:
LONDON—George H. Lavey & Co.

JAMAICA:
KINGSTON—Martin's Travel Service

MEXICO:
AGUASCALIENTES—La Villa De Guadalupe

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Going Places?

Because he knows you dig PLAYBOY, Mr. Retailer is putting the PLAYBOY Spring Display in his store window. • This spring the theme is "FOR THE MAN GOING PLACES—THE RIGHT ATTIRE IS THE RIGHT TICKET." Good sound advice whether you're flying to Europe or just moving up a notch on the office organizational chart. Being dressed right provides that comfortable sense of confidence that can make a trip enjoyable or put you at ease in a business conference. • Don't be surprised to see the PLAYBOY display in the window of travel agencies ("The Man Going Places—Sees His Travel Agent First") or luggage shops ("For the Man Going Places—The Right Luggage is the Right Ticket"). They're tieing in, too, to make your actual traveling more of a good thing. • You'll find the PLAYBOY display at all of the top retailers and agencies listed on the opposite page. They're prepared to get you well started on your way going places.

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